THE JOURNAL

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The Journal

Wofford College

November Issue

1934

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SENIORS
WATFORD

BACK UP!

JOHNNY stared. Venus—it could be none other—was walking, and alone! And look at that smile! When Johnny caught himself he had almost run down a lamp-post. He twisted back toward the correct side of the street and rubbed his eyes severely with his right hand. Then he poked his head out and around and looked some more. Venus was still walking, and, yes, still alone! Johnny pushed the accelerator down. He hummed a little tune to himself—"Them lips, them eyes, them hair." At the first street he turned in, and backed around. He thought of his approach. "Class for a classy baby," he figured. He pulled over to the curb and with his most charming smile he begged, "Going some place?"

Back up, reader—you're caught! You don't know it, but you've stepped right into our editorial department. What do you think of that? If you stop reading here just because we're going to say something serious to you, you are a "sissy" indeed.

The other day someone made the remark to us that few Wofford students read THE JOURNAL at all, and that none read all of THE JOURNAL. We were inclined to disbelieve this remark, but we have had so much difficulty in getting contributions for this issue that we have been forced to accept it as truth. Now, what is the trouble? There is trouble.

First, let me ask you a question, reader. Have you ever written anything that you thought was good? Have you ever had something of yours published? Boy, there's a thrill in it that can't be equaled! And say, have you never written a poem to that girl of yours? You've missed something if you haven't! Why, writing is a pleasure! Just now I could hardly stop writing about Johnny. I'm still wondering if the girl rode with him. Maybe it developed into a romance! Who knows?

Now, here's the point: The literary publication of a college belongs to the students. It is as much a student activity as is football, basketball, or any sport. And it can be as much a pleasure. Intellectual pleasures are the greatest pleasures, you know. But we don't realize the importance of our JOURNAL. We are not taking advantage of the great opportunity it affords. Should we give due in-

terest to our JOURNAL, it could become the embodiment of our highest thoughts and ideals.

Reader, we want your help. We want you to write for us. You say you don't know how? Listen—here is how: Sit alone at your desk; place paper and pen before you. Now—gaze into that bit of magic white and think! All the unwritten stories of the world are in that sheet! Gaze into it and take your choice! Think of hope—can't you see a picture of the man you want to be? Pick up your pen and sketch him for us. Think of fear! Ah, how many pictures flit before your eyes! There is a story in each one. Now think of love—can't you see her portrait—gleeful curls, bluest of eyes, and all? Pick up your pen and let it wander free. It will almost write of her without your aid.

Reader, try it. We are sure you will be surprised at the resulting pleasure. With your help, we can easily make this year's JOURNAL the best ever.

TO M———

By LOUIS HUNTER

You're so much like a clover field,
  And flowers of early spring,
That every time you touch my hand,
  My soul begins to sing.

You're so demure within your heart,
  Your thoughts form braided lace
Upon my mind; and I forget
  What time it is or place.

You're so upsetting in your ways,
  I fall before your charm—
Perhaps that's why I'll spend my days
  Just clinging to your arm.

USHER

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

I'M an usher at the Imperial. I've been right there for three years now. True, there's not much money in it, but a fellow's sure got to keep his family up, and Sally and I do right well on my fifteen a week. No, sir, I'm not kicking. People are forever telling me about what a dull job mine is—always walking up and down the aisle and looking at the same picture over and over. But say, it's not half bad. Something's always happening. Why, just take last night—

Things were kind of slow. Monday night it's always like that, and too, the picture was a second-rater. I've even forgotten the name of it. About nine, just before the last show, they came in. I was at the door and I saw them cross the lobby. He was a nice looking young fellow, with his black hair slicked down. She was small, and twittering, and she clung to his arm. I figured them right away for the back row. And was I right!

"We'll just sit here on the back row," he said. "My name's Beau Cochrane. I'm expecting a call."

There wasn't another person on the row, and they went over to the middle. Yes, sir, the darkest spot in the place! And pretty soon I couldn't tell if they were two people or one. You know, we're not supposed to allow that. The manager says it doesn't speak well for the theatre. But say, I can sympathize with a fellow. I like to feel my Sally close to me, with her head on my shoulder and her hair against my cheek. It sounds sort of silly, but sometimes, when I'm off duty, Sally and I sit right in that place and watch a show. No, sir, I'll not disturb a body—not at the last show.

It must have been about ten o'clock when Sam, the ticket boy, came and told me that someone wanted to see a Beau Cochrane. I walked down the back row to where they were. "You're wanted, Mr. Cochrane," I said.

He jumped right up. "After the show," he said. She smiled and nodded. The young man went out hurriedly.

I looked at the back row and saw the solitary little face. I was glad when the last show was nearly over. I went out in the lobby and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes to eleven. When I came back in, someone touched me on the arm. It was the girl.

"Usher, I've dropped my pocketbook. Bring your flashlight over here, please."

We went down the back row and I worked the flashlight. We couldn't find it. On the row in front were two people. I spoke to them. They were the Rev. Williams and his wife. They had not seen a pocketbook. I thought of something—

"Maybe the young gentleman—" I started.

"No," she said, "I'm sure I must have dropped it." It was dark, and I could only see her white face and her troubled eyes.

"In five minutes the lights will come on," I said. "We will find it then. We'll stay right here, so no one will have a chance to pick it up."

I felt sorry for her. I had already made up my mind about the thing. I asked her what kind of pocketbook it was.

"It was a small brown leather one. It had ninety-four dollars in it. After the show, Beau and I were— Oh, please find it!" She was almost crying.

When the lights came on, I looked carefully over the last few rows. It was not there. For myself, I was satisfied.

"It doesn't seem to be here," I said.

"Those people—"

"No. They were the Rev. Williams and his wife."

She looked so sorrowful that I searched again, more carefully. She helped me. The pocketbook certainly was not there. Finally I asked, "Are you sure the young gentleman—"

"Oh, to be sure!" she laughed quickly. "He has it! I had forgotten. I gave it to him to keep for me." She laughed and ran out of the theatre.

I could swear I heard a sob from the lobby.

TIGER IN THE HOUSE

By Louis Hunter

THE SETTING: The living room of a modern bachelor apartment. There are three doors and one double window—a door in the right wing, one in the left wing, and one in the right back center. To the left of the door in the back is the double window. The furniture is expensive, but not necessarily gaudy. It consists of a large sofa in front of the double window. Between the sofa and the door is a miniature bar. The bar is in a disordered condition. At the left front is a writing desk, at which a young man of twenty is seated. To the right front, and in front of the bar, are two enveloping-looking arm-chairs. The rest of the furnishings consist of ash-trays, etc.

THE CHARACTERS

Jack—*A young man with an indescribable beam about his face which suggests surplus energy and personality. He appears older than his actions proclaim him. It can easily be seen that his youth and vigor have been devoted attentively to business.*

Tommie—*Emphatically different from Jack, but presumably about the same age. He reminds one more of the "village villain" character than of the "village success," as does Jack. A modern "Raffles" in atmosphere and a "Rip Van Winkle" in appearance.*

Raymond—*Pretends to be an industrious playwright who is rooming in the bachelor apartment with Tommie and Jack. He is a medium-sized man, with an attached frown—the kind of person who sits and commercializes upon the shortcomings of the more unfortunate people of life—a typical "Dan McGrew."*

ACT ONE

(As the curtain rises Raymond is seated at the desk writing industriously; Tommie is sprawled on the sofa, with his feet on the arm and his head propped up with pillows. He is sipping the contents of a tall, frosted glass. He stops sipping and begins turning the glass around with his fingers. After a moment, he looks toward Raymond.

TOMMIE (*dryly*)—How long does it take you to write one of your rotten plays? You have been sitting there for three hours.

RAYMOND (*laying aside his work and looking sarcastically at Tommie*)—It wouldn't take half an hour if all the people who saw and read them were as vague and as shiftless as you. (*He pauses.*) But of course you wouldn't believe me if I told you there are people who enjoy anything that sparkles with intelligence and human depth—besides champagne.

TOMMIE—How could you be expected to display humanity when you haven't met it except in subways?

(*He smiles, and looks toward the ceiling. The door in the back opens and Jack, with a pronounced frown on his face and a hint of defeat about him, enters and begins to remove his coat and hat, laying them correctly over a chair.*)

TOMMIE (*looks quickly at him as he enters the door*)—Hail, comrades! The vagabond lover (*he pauses*)—with a frown to make Medusa blush. What's the matter? Didn't she let you take her dog for a walk?

(*Jack smiles, and sits down heavily in the arm-chair to the front of the bar.*)

JACK (*snorting*)—She wouldn't even accept the gift—she sent it back every time a messenger carried it. (*He pauses and looks disgustedly at Tommie.*) You and your experience with women! Well, you may be a Don Juan, but you've never had any experience with a decent girl like Marge—you and your Second Avenue tactics!

(*Raymond pauses in his writing, looks at the other two, and laughs.*)

RAYMOND—You should have known better than to take Tommie's advice for anything. He only associates with the rabble. Even if he did see something decent, he would probably think it was wax!

TOMMIE (*standing up angrily*)—I don't know anything about women—well, that's what you think. I still contend and I'll wager you a hundred dollars that they're all alike.

RAYMOND—How are you going to prove it?

TOMMIE (*after thinking a moment*)—I've got it! I'll personally take the gift to Marge—and I'll wager she'll go to the opera with Jack tonight. Is that fair enough?

RAYMOND—Accepted. Gentleman's agreement. (*He walks over and they shake hands.*)

TOMMIE (*to Jack*)—Where's the present? Consider yourself as having a date for the opera.

JACK—The present is on my desk at the office. Drop by and get it. (*He pauses.*) And as for the date, I'm not depending on it. (*He lights a cigarette. Tommie leaves thru the door in the right wing, comes back in, putting on his coat and vest.*)

TOMMIE (*boasting*)—I'll be back in an hour. (*He looks at Jack.*) Go put the studs in your dress shirt—you'll need them. (*He laughs and goes out the back center door.*)

(*Raymond sits down and looks at Jack.*)

RAYMOND—The more I look at Tommie, the more he reminds me of Borden, the critic.

JACK (*laughingly*)—Borden doesn't seem to like your plays, judging from the article in the *Times*.

RAYMOND (*disgusted*)—Bah! He wouldn't appreciate a good play if he saw one. No critics do. If a play doesn't appeal to them, they turn thumbs down. If it appeals to them, the public turns thumbs down. I write my plays for the public, and not for Borden and his clan of connoisseurs who try to destroy the amusement and education of the American people.

(*The phone, which is located in a convenient place, rings. Jack answers it.*)

JACK (*into phone*)—Hello! Oh, hello, Pat! It's been a long time, I know— Tonight? The opera? Honest, I am sorry, but I already have an engagement. Some other time? Sure. Good-bye. (*He walks back and sits down.*)

RAYMOND—By the way, you didn't buy a negligee for Marge, did you? I heard Tommie suggest one.

JACK—Yes, I did. It was a pretty one, with white ostrich feathers around the collar.

RAYMOND—That's bad! Haven't you been staying in the same apartment with Tommie long enough to realize the type of woman he goes with? If Marge is half as nice as you say she is, she will be more insulted by a negligee than she is now. (*Raymond gets up and stretches.*)

RAYMOND—I have to shave, and there's no better time than the present. (*He goes out the door at the left.*)

JACK (*rubbing his hand over his chin*)—Not a bad idea. (*He goes out the door at the right.*)

SCENE II—ONE HOUR LATER

(*Tommie comes in thru the door at the back, glances around and, taking off his coat, he throws it in a jumble on the sofa, then goes out the door at the left, humming. Jack comes in a few seconds later, glances at the sofa and sees Tommie's coat. He walks to the door at the left and leans in.*)

JACK—What did she say? Did you see her?

TOMMIE (*behind stage, laughing*)—Sure, everything is fixed. She's expecting you at 8:30.

JACK—That's swell. (*He comes back to the center of the stage, smiling.*) I knew he could do it! (*He turns around and notices again Tommie's coat and vest on the sofa in a heap. He picks them up.*) He knows women, but doesn't seem to know how to treat his clothes. (*He shakes the coat and vest as some people do before hanging them up. A white feather falls from the coat and floats to the floor. He stops and picks it up. He walks to the front of the stage and scrutinizes it.*)

JACK (*slowly*)—A white ostrich feather negligee! (*He turns after a moment and walks to the phone. He dials a number determinedly.*)

JACK (*at phone*)—Hello! Is that you, Pat? Still want to go to the opera? Good—8 o'clock. Goodbye, sweet. (*He hangs up.*)

(CURTAIN)

MY SWEET AT THE BALL

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

Why, yes, of course I like to dance.
What's that you say? I—in a trance?
Well—perhaps you're right.
You see that couple over there?
Say—isn't she a lovely sight?
Watch how he smiles into her hair
And whispers at her peeping ear.
And see her, laughing, shake her head
And feign surprise at what he's said?
She's fairest at the ball, my sweet!
She dips and whirls—
Her white dress swirls—
Her dancing curls
Keep rhythm with her dancing feet.

The fool! He's holding her too near.
He reckons only that she's fair.
Why, how—in just one night—
Could he e'er learn how very dear
She really is? But it's all right—
We're going to slip out early so
That we can be alone—you know.
Say, when they turn, I'll bet that she
Will nod her head and smile at me.
She's fairest at the ball, my sweet!
She dips and whirls—
Her white dress swirls—
Her dancing curls
Keep rhythm with her dancing feet.

THRILLS A LA MODE

By F. M. Paine

DURING the latter part of February, in 1932, I went fishing on Lake Winnipaukee with my father. This lake is a large body of water some thirty miles long, and about twelve miles wide. It has three hundred and sixty-five islands in it, which makes it New Hampshire's, some say New England's, most picturesque and popular lake.

The lake was completely frozen over, and had been since Christmas. The morning we started for the lake it was thirty degrees below zero, and we had a little difficulty starting our car. We added more alcohol to the radiator to keep it from freezing, because of the biting blasts of wind it would face once we were out on the ice. We were to fish in our little bob-house, and be as comfortable as if we were at home. Any New Englander can tell you what a bob-house is. It is a little house made out of wood, Celotex, or some insulating material, and is mounted on runners so that it may be pulled about the lake at its owner's slightest whim. Its dimensions may vary in accordance with the size of its owner's pocketbook, but as a rule these little portable houses are about eight feet long, five feet wide, and four or five feet high. The height need not be great, because a fisherman inside remains seated on a stool, his line dangling down through a hole, a foot in diameter, in the floor; and down through a hole, of the same diameter, in the ice. These little houses boast of a miniature heating plant, two windows, and a door. If the house is near the shore, wood is used as fuel, but if it is four or five miles out, coal is carried along in a sack. In ice-fishing a fisherman uses a peculiar bobbing motion with a hand-line—hence the name, bob-house.

Our bob-house was situated near the east end of the lake, twenty miles from the point where we drove onto the ice. The ice had a steel-like hardness and a polished surface that morning. As we drove along, we could hear sharp reports, not unlike rifle shots, cracking all about us. The expanding ice was pushing up on the shores, taking along rocks and over-hanging trees on the banks. Reefs of ice are formed in the lake because of the expansion, and they sometimes reach a height of seven or eight feet. These are

very dangerous, because under their shell-like formation is open water.

As there are no speed laws on the lake, we covered the distance of twenty miles in that number of minutes. Our highway was already marked out for us by some kind-hearted teamster, who had hauled a load of lumber across the lake from east to west. There were stakes placed at intervals of fifty feet all along the way, and the highway was about one hundred feet wide. There is an unwritten law among the sportsmen that they will not cut any holes on the highway.

After fishing all day, with fair luck, we decided to start for home. I say we had been fishing all day, but it was only four in the afternoon, and growing dark rapidly.

We piled into the back seat of our car an ice chisel, two portable stools, a ten-quart pail containing live bait, and the day's catch. We never leave anything of value inside of a bob-house, because often the natives with vandalistic tendencies break in the door and steal all the fishing equipment. They may steal the bob-house, but it is a risky business, and that does not occur very often. We thought we had everything in the back seat until we looked around, and discovered a two-gallon can of alcohol that we had neglected to put in. My father and I had a little argument over the can of alcohol and the ten-quart pail of live bait. I maintained earnestly and loudly that the bait pail belonged on the rear cushion. My strongest point was that if the water slopped over it would not damage the upholstery, but if the alcohol can leaked at all it would take the color out of the upholstery, provided it was placed on the rear cushion. I finally won out, father having climbed behind the wheel in a disgruntled manner.

We flew down the lake in the fast-ebbing twilight. Everything was going like clock-work as the speedometer hovered around the seventy-mile-an-hour mark. Suddenly I felt the car settle slightly. Glancing at my father, I saw a puzzled look on his face; then from around his pipe, that was clenched between his teeth, came the cry, "For God's sake, watch out for glass!" There was an indescribable crash. Something hit me in the back of my neck, something cold and slimy, and putting my hand to my coat collar, I pulled out a handful of squirming fish. My father's voice was silenced—small wonder that. He was silently wrestling with the steering wheel

with his left hand, while his right pawed frantically at the dripping bait pail, which had found a new resting place on his head. A wreath of smoke was coming up from his stomach, where he had dropped his pipe. We were spinning around on the surface of the ice like a giant top, with the car helplessly out of control. Father's coat was nearly ablaze when I finally regained presence of mind and helped him pull the offending pail off his head. When bedlam had broken loose, his coat had become sprayed with alcohol, and he now beat frantically at his chest and stomach to put out the fire. The car slithered to a stop, and we both got out quickly. We had skidded off the highway, and we were not far from an old fish-hole that was skimmed over with new ice. I tried to break the ice with my heel—no use. I rushed to the car and got the ice chisel. Frantically I stabbed at the ice, while my father did an illuminated war dance in the twilight. At my second jab the ice broke through, and to my consternation the chisel slipped through my numbed fingers to the bottom of the lake. My father, howling with rage and pain, skated over to me as I kicked the hole larger. He lay flat on the ice near the hole, while I scooped out the icy water with my bare hands and splashed it over his flaming coat and the numerous jackets that he had on underneath the coat. The fire went out, and I could only sit there on the cold ice and laugh hysterically. My father gave me a pathetic stare, then conducted me to the car, where he made me place my hands on the warm radiator to keep them from freezing stiff. He got a flash-light from the car, and went back about two hundred yards to see what had caused us to have such a near catastrophe. In a moment he was back, looking rather pale. After asking him twice what was the matter and receiving no answer, I snatched the flash-light from him and ran in the direction he had come from. Suddenly I saw it—a reef that was like a giant step. It was about four feet high, with the higher level above me, and back to the east, from which direction we had been coming. In the twilight it had not been discernible. We had shot off one level of ice to a level four feet lower, while we had been traveling nearly seventy miles an hour. We were alive to tell the story, and I thanked God for that as once more we started homeward.

PA TAKES HIS FLING

(Anonymous)

IT WAS the third of April—an important day for Pa and Ma Williams. Only yesterday Pa had sold the calf to the butcher for fifteen dollars; and did not this sum, added to the four hundred and eighty-five that represented three years of careful saving, total five hundred, exactly enough to get John, their only son, through the last term at law school? Today Pa was going to town to send the money to John.

However, Pa didn't feel the joy and contentment that should come to one who has finished a task and who sees that it is well done. And Pa knew why. He had quit! For three years he and Ma had worked and saved. Then, when they were only fifteen dollars from their goal, he had quit! He had become tired of the drudgery and monotony of it. Always working, always saving, always thinking of one thing, always talking of one thing—it had been too much. The money from the eggs and the butter, coming in every week, would have completed the sum in a month—ample time. But something had happened to Pa—something inside. He couldn't go on like that any more. So, he had sold the calf to get that last fifteen dollars, despite the fact that he and Ma had decided to keep her. Ma hadn't said a word. That was worrying Pa, too.

After all, for one to become tired of work is no uncommon thing; and if Pa had confined his "tiredness" to work and to savings, all would have been well. John was to graduate in June. The five hundred would carry him through. And as for calves—one could always buy a calf for a few dollars. But—Pa was tired of everything—of the farm, and of Ma.

Now, Ma hadn't noticed that a change was taking place in Pa. She had lived with him too long to doubt him. If she had had the slightest inkling of any change whatsoever, she would have blamed without any hesitation Pa's "readings," for this was the only thing in all their twenty-five years of married life that had come into the family without her approval. And she would have been right. For almost a year Pa had been taking *Collier's Magazine*. Very often he sat up until after midnight reading stories of the big cities—of beautiful girls, and of night clubs. Evidently, Ma didn't know that

sometimes these stories cause one who has never known city-life to become discontented. And if she had known this, she would never have believed that these stories could affect Pa. Nevertheless, Pa read the stories; and Pa became tired of the farm and of Ma.

This morning, Pa stood on the front porch impatiently. Never had he gone to town without receiving last-minute instructions from Ma, and he was awaiting her now. He wanted to drive to town and send the money to John as quickly as possible. The truth of the matter was that Pa was afraid of himself. Strange thoughts had been popping into his head these last few days. Right now he was thinking something that he had never thought before. It was this: "Why don't I go on without seeing Ma? I know just what she'll say, 'Don't forget the chicken food; see Mr. Bant about the mortgage; send John a note; and, oh, yes, have you got your rubbers on'?"

He was saved from having to make a decision, for just then Ma came upon the porch. She had been feeding the chickens, and she carried a basket of eggs. She advised Pa to see Bant, to buy chicken feed, and to send John a note. For twenty-five years Pa had heard last-minute instructions from Ma—instructions that he did not need. Therefore, he was astonished at the anger that arose in him now. He kissed Ma hastily and started for the car. When he was halfway there, he was called back. Did he have his rubbers on? It had rained yesterday. "Hell, yes," he had wanted to shriek, but he only held up his foot for her to see.

Pa was in a blinding rage when he reached the car. He started with a rush and was gone. For the first five miles he had to drive carefully; then he reached the paved highway. He was free to think now. "I've stood this kind of stuff for twenty-five years" was the first thought to strike him. And then, "I don't see how. The whole thing is rotten. The same thing always. I've *never* had any excitement." Then he remembered a little passage he had read in *Collier's*, "Better to sow your wild oats when you are old than not to sow them at all." That was it. He thought, "Five hundred dollars—automobile—why, I'm only fifty. Why couldn't I? In *Collier's*—No! I can't do it! John's money—all my life . . ."

A scream recalled him. He looked up and wrenched his steering wheel, but he didn't have a chance. The other car was too close,

and coming too fast. He saw a wide-eyed girl in a big, yellow limousine—felt the impact of the crash—and then—oblivion.

Pa smelled something sweet—like lilacs in spring. He opened his eyes. An angel was bending over him. Pa smiled. He knew he was in heaven. But, no—the angel was speaking. She was saying, "Oh!" That's all—just, "Oh," with a funny little tremble to it. Pa sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he remembered. He stood up and surveyed the wreck.

Pa felt like a different man. He felt light and strange, like a man who had died and then come to life again. It mattered not the slightest to him that his car was completely demolished. The big limousine, though battered and dented, looked as if it would still run. Pa surprised himself by turning to the girl and saying:

"This is some mess, eh lovely? We should be thankful that we're alive. Let's go celebrate." He drew from his pocket a roll of bills—John's five hundred.

The girl smiled. They got into the limousine and drove away from the crowd that was gathering. As the girl drove, Pa watched her. No wonder he had mistaken her for an angel! She was as beautiful as a spring morning. The girl turned and caught Pa staring at her. She smiled, showing pearly teeth, and said, "My name's Carmine." Pa's heart turned over.

They stopped at the "Elite," the most expensive eating place in town. Carmine led Pa to a table; she ordered; she talked; she did everything. Pa did nothing but smile and stare. And the meal was over much too soon to suit him. He would have liked to sit at that table always.

They were almost at the door when the girl said, "Oh! We haven't paid. Here—let me do it."

Pa placed the roll in her outstretched palm.

Then she was back, ever talking and smiling. They came to the car. Carmine had to go home. She lived on Spring street, and

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IT'S HEALTHFUL

wouldn't Mr. Williams come to see her some time soon? They enjoyed each other's company so much. And oh! wasn't Mr. Williams going to kiss Carmine good-bye? She was in the yellow car and gone.

Pa sighed, and his thoughts returned to earth. He had just as well go home. But how? His car was torn up. Well, he had the—no, she had it!

Pa spent the next few moments in a veritable hell. He thought of Ma, of John, and of law school. He thought of wrecked automobiles and of stolen money. How could he ever go back? This couldn't happen to him, poor old Pa, who never had any excitement! It couldn't be true! He was crying. He tore at his pocket. His pocket was gone!

Wildly, Pa looked about. Everything was white. He was in a bed. A kindly voice was saying, "The delirium is over." He saw a nurse—and Ma! Ma was here! He had dreamed it! He drifted into a sleep filled with the songs of birds and the gurglings of brooks.

He awoke with a start, to find himself alone in a little white room. He tried to think. Yes, there had been a wreck. Poor automobile! And that girl? He must have dreamed that! To be sure—that was it! He had been unconscious ever since the wreck!

The door opened and Ma came in. She was waving a letter and smiling. It was good to see Ma like that! She said, "It's from John. He got the money yesterday. I sent it."

She sat down on the bed. Pa caught her small, work-marred hand. A lump rose in his throat.

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"And, by the way, your subscription to *Collier's* is out. I've subscribed to *Better Homes and Gardens.*"

Pa smiled.

IN CHURCH

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

I like it best to sit with her
  In church, for there it seems I'm free
From earthly fetters, as it were—
  Small talk—veiled looks—frivolity.

I dare not sit too close to her
  In church, or even touch her hand.
It's not because she would demur,
  But people wouldn't understand.

In church we two sit peacefully—
  We kneel to pray and rise to sing,
And if she turns to look at me,
  Our glances surely cross and cling.

And when the preacher lovingly
  Repeats the name of God, I find
Myself atremble—God and she
  Are closely mingled in my mind.

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THE WAGE OF HITLER

By Pickett Lumpkin

THE largest part of the articles which have been written upon the Third Reich of Hitler have dealt with the changes and the resulting conditions and attitudes in the religious, political, and social fields. However, the economic field is deserving of as much attention, since it is upon economics that the others are in the long run based. Many interpreters of foreign events have explained the recent religious, political, and social upheavals by the dissatisfaction with the economic situation.

There has been no rise in employment since Hitler assumed power fifteen months ago. There are now 10,000,000 who are not employed productively in this "New Germany." These statistics do not agree with the official labor reports, because Hitler includes as employed all those who merely belong to the Labor Corps. Also he included the Storm Troopers, whose sole occupation was exercising on the parade ground.

Not only has employment failed to rise, but also wages have fallen to new low levels. This fall of the general wage level is reflected in the rapid decrease in the total income of the German people. According to the Reich Institute of Statistics, it was 23.35 milliard marks in the first half of 1933, and has fallen, according to the same source, to 22.80 milliard marks in the second half of the year.

The fall in living standards is amply demonstrated by the continuous decline in the consumption of vital foodstuffs, household

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goods, and clothing. Imports in groceries fell in the year 1933 by 400,000,000 marks, in spite of which there was no increased agricultural production at home.

All other figures indicate the declining trend in the economic life of Germany. Tax receipts were twenty per cent. lower in 1933 than in 1932, and the income of the German Federal Railways declined by nineteen per cent. during the same period. There were one-third fewer foreign visitors to Germany during 1933 as compared with 1932. The postal budget showed a fall of income by more than 100,000,000 marks within the year. The Reich budget indicated a drop in customs receipts of 175,000,000 marks.

The world boycott upon the Germany of the Nazi is being felt very keenly. It is calculated that the decline of German exports alone has put some 400,000 highly skilled and specialized craftsmen out of work.

Because of the curtailment of the social services, there has been an increase of 20 per cent. in suicides, and now the birth rate is below the death rate. The lost in social services has naturally brought about a marked decline of national health and general welfare of the people.

By the first of August, 1934, the German money market had been flooded by an issuance of a total of 2,000,000,000 marks, which were spent in support of the dumping of German exports for the creation of work and armaments. There will be a reaction to this inflation and a retaliation by other nations to the dumping which will help to crack more the economic structure of the Third Reich.

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*LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY — *Walter B. Pitkin*

"WHAT do you intend to do when you finish college?"

This is the question that Mr. Pitkin asked a student in one of the larger universities. How would you have answered it? This student stood first man in his class, and so when he replied, "I am going to paint houses," Mr. Pitkin was astounded.

"I asked the question in all seriousness," declared Mr. Pitkin.

"And I answered it," replied the student. "You see, what I really like is writing detective stories and working mathematics, and I find that I can work best when I am pushing a brush. I can paint and think for eight hours a day, and then I am free to go home and write down what I have thought."

In "Life Begins at Forty" Mr. Pitkin contends that the American belief that living and working are one and the same is all wrong. One should work until he is forty. Then, when he has reached his fullest maturity, he should cease working and begin to do what he really wants to do.

When I picked up this little volume, "Life Begins at Forty," I asked myself what it could have to do with me, a college student. The answer to this question is simple—if you want life to begin at forty for you, you must start right now to prepare yourself.

This little book is a delightful one. The author expresses new and surprising opinions on several subjects. I was particularly interested in his discussion about the modern institutions of higher education. I enjoyed it very much, and I agreed with him most of the time. Try it!

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"Trust in your own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God Himself;
Thy soul is but an emanation of the whole."

—*Author Unknown.*

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

—*Henley.*

"The dreamer lives forever, but the toiler dies in a day."

"You kissed and told?
Well, that's all right;
The man you told
Called up last night."

———?

"Kisses are like grains of gold or silver upon the ground—of no use themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near."—*George Vetters.*

"A kiss is nothing divided by two."

"What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words, once spoken, can never be recalled."—*Roscommon.*

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"Be good—else no one will value you, and you cannot place any value upon yourself."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"I think that I shall never see
A bug as jumpy as a flea,
A flea which 'scapes each killing lurch
And calmly seeks another perch,
A flea which can forever bite,
And which I cannot put to flight.
Flies are caught by fools, like me;
But who th' heck can catch a flea?"

—*Apologies to Joyce Kilmer.*

"Gallantry consists in saying the most empty things in an agreeable manner."—*Rochefoucauld.*

" . . . Try it, ye who think there is nothing in it; try what it is to speak with God behind you—to speak so as to be only the arrow in the bow which the Almighty draws."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Scientists find that good spirits are conducive to good health, or, in other words, "The surly bird catches the germ."

"Mud thrown is ground lost."

"White lies are but the ushers to black ones."—*Marryat.*

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Soph.—"How come you write so slow, fella?"
Frosh.—"I gotta. My girl can't read fast."

Mother—"Sonny, don't use such bad words."
Son—"Shakespeare used them."
Mother—"Well, don't play with him any more."

First Englishman—"What's the name of Cab Calloway's state?"
Second Englishman—" 'Ow's that?"
First Englishman—" 'Aven't you 'eard of 'H'Idaho?"

Converse Stude—"Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"
Wofford Same—"Don't believe they ever did."
Converse Stude—"Then where'd you get the idea?"

Maw and Pa had an awful time gettin' married. Maw wouldn't marry Paw when he was drunk and he wouldn't marry her when he was sober.

"Dear, I saw the cutest little hat down street today."
"Put it on and let's see how you look in it."

Dumb Dora stood on the cliff watching the revolving beacon on the lighthouse. "How patient those sailors are," she exclaimed. The wind has blown out that light at least a dozen times and they still keep on lighting it again."

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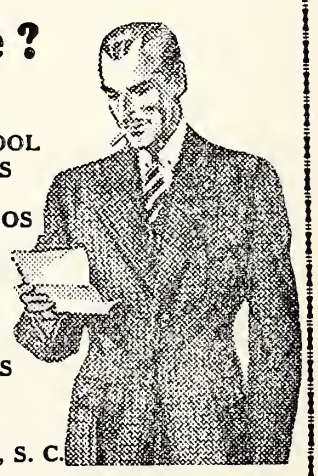

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TOWERS OF WOFFORD

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

Towers of Wofford silent standing —
Guiding by sweet wisdom's right
Those eager youths who swarm upon thee
To partake them of thy might—

Towers, bid all learning listen —
Bid all teaching pause a while:
To the angels' silver singing
Of a virgin and a Child.

Unto us a Babe is given
Who imparts life to the dead;
Ah, sweet towers, silent standing,
To the Teacher, bow thy head.

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SNOW-BALLS

By Charles Gilreath

JEANNE Purdue gazed listlessly across the vast expanse of carefully kept terraced lawns which, extending as far as she could see, belonged to her. Yes, indeed it would certainly be a white Christmas this year, as the snowflakes were crazily crossing and bumping into each other in their mad eagerness to cover the verdure of the Purdue estate.

The dark-eyed girl looked vainly out of the window as if she were trying to see something in the flurry outside. Occasionally her eyes would focus on the green plants in the window box. They were keeping perfect time with the whispering wind that accompanied the snow. In their rhythmic swaying to and fro, they would at almost regular intervals swish back and hit the window pane, as a drummer taps his cymbal with breaks in the music.

Jeanne moved away from the window and slumped forward in an easy chair before the roaring log fire, and peered into the flames as if intent on gaining an answer there to the look in her eyes.

"I am glad I stayed here instead of going to Florida so early this year; how long it has been since I have seen a real snow in the South!"

As she sat gazing into the fire, her mind turned as a source of comfort to her childhood. A little boy with blonde curls and blue eyes was throwing snow balls at a petite brunette, muffled in a vivid red-sweater suit. One snow ball had contained nothing less than a stone.

Yes, the tiny knot was still there on the back of Jeanne's head! Never would she forget the look in that little boy's eyes as she fell sobbing in a snow drift.

Jeanne raised her brown eyes slowly to the level of a pair of blue ones in an oil painting of a young man above the mantel. Blue eyes smiled at the girl. Jack Purdue, her young husband, whose marital life had been one round of wine, women, and song, and who had never learned to stop putting stones in the snow balls he threw—but, how Jeanne had adored him!

Some of the hurts still rankled now in the girl's heart, and yet in his own way the carefree Jack had idolized his young wife.

An old servant interrupted her dreaming.

"Miss Jeanne, honey, is yuh 'sleep?"

"No, what is it, Dianna?"

"Dey's a heap of packages with Christmas stuck all over 'em done come by de mail."

"Bring them to me, Dianna."

The familiar handwriting of friends, acquaintances, and relatives —Jeanne knew people everywhere.

A New York postmark; the letter was bulky, too, for Christmas mail. No formal seasonal greeting here!

"Someone has written a thesis," thought Jeanne.

. . . . . .

My Dear Inspirer:—

Is it not fitting that my thoughts should turn to you at the Yuletide season, since it is to you that I am indebted for my re-birth?

Ah! Yes, perhaps you have forgotten that night which seems so long ago to me. A night of storm, wind, and rain; cold which penetrated like ether.

I close my eyes and once again I see the startled look in your eyes when I flashed that light in your face that night in your bedroom and covered you with a gun, while I demanded the diamond bracelet and ring your father had given you for Christmas, the previous night.

I was cold and hungry, and the world seemed to owe me a salary long overdue. All my childhood was spent on your plantation. While I watched you and that yellow-haired Jack Purdue scamper over the hillsides inventing new games to amuse yourselves, my little sister and brothers were picking cotton in your fields, merely to give you more luxuries.

I bore it as long as I could. Then, one day I hid in a dark corner of a freight car of cotton, in which I slept most of the three day's journey to New York City.

I shall omit the two-year interval spent in America's melting pot, because I am truly ashamed of that period of gruesome experiences and petty crimes. Life in the city was not so easy for a fourteen-year-old country lad. I found nothing to do, so I learned to steal—food, clothing, and other things. This soon led to stealing valuables, and I met other youths who were professionals in the game.

One Christmas season a feeling of homesickness obsessed me. I determined to visit my family.

Luck was with me one night, as I mingled with a crowd of Christmas shoppers on Fifth Avenue, gazing into the brightly lighted shop windows. My foot struck something soft. I reached down hurriedly and picked up a woman's purse, which I opened after stepping into a shadowed shop entrance. I found fifty dollars in cash and some change.

That same night, I boarded a southbound train, and two days later I reached the little Carolina village of Blacksville. I caught a ride to your plantation, but upon arriving there I learned that my family had long since moved away. Loitering there Christmas Eve, I learned of the gift your father had for you.

When you held out your diamonds so readily to me that night and told me to take them, I knew that you had cried yourself to sleep from loneliness, because your lashes were still wet with tears. Then something in me broke.

When two huge tears glittered on your cheeks, I knew they meant more to me than the possession of those other glittering stones. Those tears were priceless human diamonds to me, and I left, taking in my heart, for always, that picture.

You wonder what I am to-day, and why, after all these years, I write. I have studied and worked since then, thanks to a noted surgeon whom I met after I hoboed my way from your home to Miami.

One day I was walking along Biscayne Boulevard, on the water front, watching the small boats come up the bay, when I saw a St. Bernard dart in front of a car in attempting to cross the street. He was struck by the car, but the driver did not stop. I dodged between cars and led the dog to the curb. I saw that his front leg was broken, so I crossed over into the park facing Biscayne Bay, and sat down on a bench, the big fellow looking at me as if saying, "What can you do about it?" I took my handkerchief and with the aid of some pieces of crate I tried to make some splints and bind his leg.

The dog struggled, and above the traffic I heard a peculiar whistle. The dog barked and made a brave attempt to rise. The whistle came again, and through the palms I saw a stately gray-haired man approaching.

The dog was quicker than I, for he gave a joyous bark and the whistler hurried to us.

"Do you like dogs, son?" he asked after noting my crude attempts.

"Yes, sir; I've always wanted a dog like this one," I replied.

Dr. Graves sat down by me, and as we gazed out across the white-caps on the blue water he drew my life's story from me in such a manner I didn't realize he was questioning me.

"How would you like to go back north with me in April?"

Did I go?

Dr. Graves took me home with him that day, in Miami, to the massive pile of stucco facing the Atlantic Ocean—a big lonely house and an old man. The surgeon had no family. His only son had died when my age. I think I must have reminded him of that son, for he adopted me, and I can never imagine a kinder father.

In April we took a boat to New York, and I began an education long neglected.

Ambition helped me make amends for lost time, and I determined to fill the place of that son, who was to have been his father's successor.

You are still wondering why I write. Yesterday, I restored a man's vision, after a year of blindness. I thought of you, for it was you who opened my eyes to the true values in life.

Perhaps soon you'll understand that it is to you I owe my new life, and on this Christmas, will you accept from me something which I hope will always remind you that you have a true friend?

I shall always be,

Your grateful friend,

James Fenton Graves, M.D.

P. S. His name is Tony.

. . . . . .

"Is yuh still readin' dat letter, honey?" inquired Dianna, who hovered near. "De 'spress man done left a big box with sumpin' live in it movin' around."

"I'll look at it, Dianna," cried Jeanne, as she followed the old negress.

Jeanne's surmise was correct, and a white Eskimo Spitz, Tony himself, leaped playfully upon the girl as he barked a joyous note of freedom.

By now the snow seemed to be covering everything with an

ermine-like coat for Christmas. Jeanne entered the house, followed by Tony, who examined everything closely as he went. Glad of the cozy warmth of the fire, the dog stood gazing at his new mistress, his eyes seeming to say, "I think I'm going to like you."

Jeanne patted his head gently.

"Yes, Tony; we will be friends, won't we?"

Christmas had a different meaning now. Jeanne had long forgotten that episode in her childish experience, but she was still lonely. Yes, she'd like to meet James Fenton Graves, in whose life she'd played a part.

Twilight, and a white stillness over the earth; a feeling of peace entered the girl's heart as she lingered before the fire, stroking the dog gently.

"Miss Jeannie, ain't yuh better dress fo' de dinner guests?"

"Oh, yes, Dianna; I had almost forgotten I'm giving a dinner party."

Jeanne hurried upstairs, to descend an hour later, a lovely vision in a gown of flame velvet which, with her dark eyes and hair, made her resemble one who had just stepped from the lovely portrait in the East living room—her mother. As she greeted her guests, she had never seemed so youthful.

"Merry Christmas!" called Joe Jackson gaily. "You can't deny you're on the spot now—under that mistletoe, and you know what that means."

Joe had tried numerous wiles to win Jeanne's approval, but to no avail.

"I'd rather not be reminded here," she replied coyly, and eluded the gay divorcé.

The house was filled with scent of fir trees and evergreens from the woods, mingled with the subtle aroma of roast turkey, vension, and savory sage dressing from somewhere in the remote part of the house.

The stately dining room of the old colonial manse was never lovelier with its chippendale furniture than on Christmas Eve. Tall crimson candles burned at each end of the long table, on which banks of holly and mistletoe formed a background. The silver had never gleamed so brilliantly against the old Irish lace.

"Let's drink a toast to our lovely elusive snow bird who flies away to balmy Palm Beach next week," cried Pierce Moore.

Glasses clinked and all eyes turned to the radiant young hostess. The party was a gay one, and the guests lingered at the table over the rare wine which had been in the Purdue cellar for many Christmas seasons.

Dancing followed dinner, and Jeanne found herself the center of a group of admirers, so difficult to elude that she had no time for her own thoughts.

Midnight came, ushering in Christmas Day, and the revelers loitered to celebrate. At two, the last guest had said his adieu, but not before he had tired his hostess with another ardent proposal.

The library tables were strewn with piles of gifts, stacks of telegrams, and holiday greetings. Jeanne glanced over them idly. Standing before the fire facing the errant husband's portrait, again she thought, "not even a Christmas card from Jack."

Suddenly, the dog, asleep before the fire, arose and sniffed the air suspiciously.

"What is it, Tony?"

Then the heavy velvet drapery over a French window parted, and Tony barked joyously, running to meet the man who stepped forward.

Jeanne turned swiftly, "Why, why, Jack!" she cried.

"Yes, Jeanne, it is your wandering husband, but not the same Jack Purdue you knew," and the truth of this statement could be felt as the young man moved into the brighter light. Handsome yet, but older, and with something in his face which had never been there before; there were tiny lines under his eyes. "Perhaps I shouldn't have come here," he continued, as the girl had not spoken, "but you see, my dear, I had to come. Something, a force too strong to overcome, drew me back."

"Sit down, Jack," Jeanne motioned to a chair. Her voice sounded strange to her.

The dog came to the man and softly rubbed his nose against the rough tweed coat.

"You see, Tony and I are old friends. We learned to like each other before I left Dr. Graves. I was in the hospital eleven months, and Dr. Graves restored my sight — physical and spiritual sight. I had been blind so long."

"You, blind?" cried Jeanne.

"Yes, when I left you last Christmas in Palm Beach, I drove

straight through to New York; or, I should say, sped, for I was so eager to get away from myself that I stopped for no rest. I was drinking a lot, too. Just outside New York, I relaxed, I suppose, and became drowsy. Anyway, the next thing I remember, I awoke in a city hospital. The car had overturned on a fill, and I had been badly burned from the gasoline explosion.

"For months, I lay there in a dark room. I wanted you with me, but I wouldn't let you know. I knew you'd pity me, and I didn't want pity. At first they thought I'd never see again and the suspense was terrible. I lived in my past, of which I was not proud. There was no present, and I felt no future for myself.

"After six months, they removed the bandages. A tiny ray of light was allowed to enter the room, and it was gradually increased until my eyes were stronger. Then one morning someone entered the room, and I saw a blurred face as if in a dream.

" 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Do I know you?'

" 'No,' replied Dr. Graves, 'but some day, perhaps you'll see me clearly through new eyes.'

"In the days that followed I learned to distinguish objects, and forms of people I glimpsed through my door. I wondered why a specialist so noted should linger and talk in his visits to me. In a subtle manner Dr. Graves had obtained my whole life's story.

"Then a month ago, Dr. Graves invited me to be his guest for a few weeks. He was very fond of his family and his dogs, two huge St. Bernards and Tony, here, who became very friendly with me.

"One night we were talking in the doctor's study when I said, 'Dr. Graves, you gave me back my eyes. What can I do to repay you?' I offered him quite a large sum of money, but not too large for what he had done for me.

" 'No, Jack,' he replied, 'I only did what any doctor would have done under the circumstances, but if I could make you see life through new eyes, I would feel that I had accomplished something.'

"Then he told me a story of long ago; the same story he wrote you. He had known me all the time, but I had never suspected. The same night, he wrote to you and sent Tony.

"Two days later I left, and here I am. I have just realized that I have not been blind only for the past year but for all my life. Now I am able to see for the first time. I know now how I have hurt

you, because I, too, have suffered, and it takes that to make one understand life, you know. I threw all the snow balls, but I had never been hit before. You remember when we were kids, don't you?"

"That's all right, Jack," replied the girl, choking back a sob. "We've stopped playing now."

The two stood at the window looking out into the night, and the snow melted softly before it covered the hills.

I'D WISH

By Lewie Hunter

If — by chance, I stumble in
  Upon the proper way
To make my wishes all come true,
  Just three for me — I'd say:

First, I'd wish that I might be
  The things you want me to;
That I might live alone for you,
  Reflecting you in all I do.

Next I'd want to give the best —
  The things of life that form the core —
To you, and every evening come
  And find you in my door.

Next, the last, but not the least,
  I'd wish that we might bind
Ourselves together when life fades
  And find new life — the better kind.

SOLITUDE

By Lewie Hunter

THE sun filled the sky with crowning brilliance, scattering the autumnal blaze of glory within the swamps. The stagnant pools of water became the fires of hell; the twisted water-oaks became the foot-stools of the Immortal. From the shelter of the

dismal shadows came the first call of the mating lark — contemplating with profound sadness his love song. It seemed as though he were attempting to betray the solitude; but his voice became lost in the hollows of the darkness.

An answering call — low and vibrant at first, then increasing in its intensity — came from the massive knotted cypress which guards impassively the cross erected over the door to the chapel of Forgive-

ness. The answer betrayed the answerer within the vine-entangled cypress.

The mourning sob in the throat of the bird seemed slightly doleful — like the vibrations of the corroded bells hanging in the single tower of the chapel.

To Padre Volver, who stood fixed in stately reverence on the moss-covered steps of the ancient building, the sounds possessed, like the bursting-forth of the sun each morning, the holiness and the splendor the Endower of life had given to its meaning. All the deep drowsiness of the swamp, and even the creeping vines and moss which tenaciously enfolded the crumbling structure, were filled with energy and movement.

In all these surroundings he saw — and felt within himself, the painted reminders of happy and inspired days. He felt, even more certain each successive day as he stood quietly in the doorway and watched the rising sun, that mortal love can he had but once — when it becomes lost, one's love becomes immortal. Perhaps that is why he nourished his immortal love for God.

As I approached that morning and saw him standing transfixed, his hands clasped behind his sturdy back, his face shining from the snowy crest of his whitened hair — I knew that he was wandering from the present through the half-forgotten lanes of memory to the past. I greeted him with the usual amount of warmth; then I followed him to the foot of the weather-beaten cypress, and with a sentiment of awe at the atmosphere of wisdom surrounding him, I seated myself at his feet. I remained silent, because I knew I would hear of a conquest of God — told in the low, expressive tones and simple, accented words — as only he could tell it.

"My son," he began in a soft and contemplating manner, "this morning — even greater than the past fleeting mornings I have spent in the quiet solitude of this forgotten spot — the hidden tragedy, which only this tireless tree and myself remember, recalls and impresses itself more deeply upon my mind — the silent and majestic manner in which God fulfills His promise and retains His supremacy—." He stopped speaking instinctively and gazed for a moment through the vines clinging to the gnarled limbs of the great tree, then continued:

"Twenty-two years have altered these surroundings very little. This place, like the faith of religion, changes little. It seems as though it were only yesterday that I came here — young and vital —

the restlessness of youth upon me; but that was twenty-two years ago.

"The story I am about to tell you, I heard from the lips of Padre Pedidros — a few days before he slipped quietly away to taste the pleasure of a fuller life.

"There was, in the meager followers of Padre Pedidros, a young woman — filled with the beauty and reverence that only the simplicity of hope and the struggles of life in these barren surroundings could give her. Her clothes were the rough, coarse cloth of the primitive loom, so scanty as to outline the shapeliness of her muscular and sturdy body; the deep shadows and the tender diminished sunlight had served to soften and lend a peculiar bloom to the creaminess of her skin. Her eyes shone from the folds of her head-shawl like the sparkle of the stars in the pale but perfect oval of her face. She was named Magida, and known to the simple people who made up her world as the young and tireless wife of Malo — the cruel driver of people and oxen.

"Malo was large and fearless — a heartless ruler of the swamps. He was strong of body — even stronger and more resolute than the evil forces of the dangers forever lurking in the darkness.

"The differences between the husband and wife — he, a lover of himself; she, a lover of beauty and of God; he, a suppressor; she, the suppressed. Every independent thought and feeling she had was forced to bend beneath the cruelty of the man; all her thoughts and loveliness were imprisoned by the fear of his temper — her body mangled by the whip in his hands.

"For years she endured his cruelty — never seeking solace nor understanding. She contented herself to live — believing her life to be the will of God. . . .

"One day there came to this chapel — a man, as young and as thoughtful as she. He became entranced by the beauty and the godliness of the simple Magida; and he felt the pathos of her plea. As the time passed, he also became a part of Magida, as much as she became a part of him. He was the person to whom she could lend the expression of her soul, and feel the softness and thrill of an understanding.

"For weeks they would slip furtively through the swamps and meet in the shadows of this great tree. From the walls of the aging chapel their voices would echo — becoming lost in the leaves of these vines.

"One day Malo followed Magida as she slipped away into the

swamp. He saw the two meet, and saw them, filled with the enthusiasm of little children, run breathlessly through the underbrush trying to find a hidden wood-thrush. His anger and selfishness overcame him.

"For days he whipped Magida unmercifully; but her courage overcame his brutality. It was then that he devised a cruel plan for satisfying his own cowardly taste for revenge.

"Every evening at sundown he would force Magida to accompany him to this tree; very often he came, dragging her by her hair. Then he would whip her with his long oxen whip; he would continue beating her until she fell to her knees, begging for forgiveness.

"She was forced to drag herself through the murky swamps, to bathe her burning body in the still waters of the pools. For days he continued that cruel routine. . . . Then the hand of God fell heavily upon him.

"One evening he was standing where I am standing now, his feet apart, his whip dangling at his side,—dripping with warm blood from the bruised back of Magida. His maniacal laugh followed Magida as she crawdel through the underbrush. His laugh was overpowered by the crashing down of one of the stout limbs of this great tree. . . ." Padre Volver paused, a throb entered his voice, when he continued:

"His mangled body gave up his horrid soul before the stalwart limb could be removed.

"They found no trace of Magida; whether she fled from the swamps to find solitude elsewhere, or whether she became lost in the swamps is not known. Countless searches revealed no trace of her.

"The simple people say she was transformed into the stillness of the swamp. Perhaps — she was never found."

Padre Volver placed his hand lightly upon my head.

"How long ago was it?" I asked after a pause.

"Twenty-five years next spring," he replied, a tear running down the folds in his cheek.

Some days later, so filled with curiosity and so deeply impressed, I climbed the ancient cypress to examine the ragged stump of the God-directed limb. I found it easily, and much to my surprise I found that although a small part was jagged and mangled as I had expected, the greater part was smooth and nicked — as though an axe had cut it.

This filled my mind with questions. I later asked an old trapper I had met many days before. His reply was:

"Shore, I 'member Magida and Malo. They been dead nigh on to twenty-five years — 'twill be, come next spring. Hit was jist a few years arter Padre Volver tuck over th' meetin' house. . . ."

Perhaps Padre Volver has forgotten the span of time — or again, perhaps it was he who—I often wonder.

LIDS AND STICKS

By C. D. West, Jr.

Now who's got my derby, and where is my cane?
To hear that guy yell, you would think him insane.
But don't get excited, 'tis only a fad
To see a black derby on each senior lad.

We look like morons, Hebrews, and Greeks,
But that doesn't faze us, we're still Wofford sheiks.
We speak to the ladies, and wink at the gals,
And once in a while introduce our best pals.

And onto the campus we file from our homes
With little black derbies a-covering our domes;
And for the lower classmen, we set the new strides
With long, shiny walking canes held at our sides!

TRADING IN DEATH

By Peter Moody

THE following essay is, essentially, an argument against international trading in arms and munitions. Present world-wide attention has been brought to this vital topic by the Senate investigation now going on in Washington under the chairmanship of Senator Nye. This investigation, which has bared the nature of the arms industry to the public, is, by the way, the most frank, the most enlightening, and has aroused more foreign interest and protest than any investigation in years. We heartily agree with the sentiment expressed by the investigating committee that there should be government control of the munition industry. Upon the findings of this Senate Committee, we base our argument.

* * *

We once thought of war as an inevitable and necessary evil — a catastrophe that all nations must experience. Then — came the World War, bringing with it world retardation and destruction, and left us, sick of conflict and determined never to enter another war. America, today, needs only the ghastly memory of the last war to remind her of the foolhardiness of war. What we, as a nation, are trying to do today is discourage, not encourage, wars. And yet, the Nye investigation discloses that private munition firms, some of them in America, have been instrumental in provoking war scares, arousing suspicion between friendly nations, and blocking disarmament and peace efforts, all within the last five years. Truly, we have "an enemy within our gates."

Just a word about the nature of the arms manufacturer — the munitions makers are, after all, the true internationalists. They know no flag, no oath of allegiance, no patriotic or spiritual impulse. Their motto is: "Love thine enemy — if he can pay!" Regardless of nationalities, they all have two common aims of business: to prolong wars and disturb peace. Killing is their business; armaments are their stock and trade; governments are their clientele.

The Nye investigation has brought some very important and startling facts. Even our own Army and Navy departments have helped to promote the sale of munitions to other countries. American interests have attempted to set up chemical warfare plants in

China and Colombia, the products of which might some day have been used against American doughboys. American concerns have repeatedly sold and even now are selling airplanes to Germany which may some day — who knows? — drop bombs on American cities. The Electric Boat Company of Connecticut is shown not only to be closely allied with the British firm of Vicker's, Limited, to the extent of dividing up the world's business in submarines and amicably exchanging patents when necessary, but to have the world-famous Sir Basil Zarahoff as stockholder, paying him for his advice on where to peddle submarines some two million dollars over a period of years.

* * *

Shall the peace of the world be sacrificed to a small group of bribing munition makers? World peace will continue to be a dream as long as this international trading in death goes uncurbed. Disarmament and peace conferences are considered merely as annoyances by the munition maker. The arms manufacturer must have either wars or war scares to carry on his nefarious trade. Gentlemen, either the nations must agree to prevent international arms and munitions trading, or else, some day, sooner or later, we must repeat the experience of 1914-18, years in which British guns, sold by British concerns to Germany and Turkey, shot down British Tommies, while the avaricious munition maker sat safely at home, plying his nefarious trade, and growing rich and fat off the great business of death.

RADIO FOR PEACE

By J. W. Crocker

SEVENTEEN years ago the United States Government asked the American people for forty-five billion dollars, and got every cent of it. It also asked for the young manhood of America, and almost over night the finest youth of the land were marching in step with the drums of war, ready to lay down their lives in the hope that "the world might be made free for democracy." The Allies looked to America as a saviour — and indeed she was.

Today, seventeen years after the world's greatest tragedy, the world is again an armed military camp. The youth of Europe is marching in the very shadow of that heinous enemy of mankind—Mars. Babies are being brought into the world, it seems, for the express purpose of dying on some future battlefield. The peace of the earth is in the balance; fear and suspicion are the keynotes of Europe and the Orient; nationalism is the order of the day.

America stands by. She has at her disposal a mighty giant which can mold and shape the public opinion of the entire world; and after all, public opinion controls the destinies of nations. The nations of the earth can be brought together by this agent or can be torn asunder.

Radio! International Broadcast. This is the giant which whispers, and the whole world hears. This is the one route leading directly into the quietness of the home life of the nations, where opinion can be weighed and evaluated with sagacity and where the mind is not confused and biased by the ballyhoo of the mob. Why can't America lead the way in making this giant voice speak peace instead of war and brotherhood of man instead of racial and national prejudice? Too often in the past has this international voice spoken national pride in the narrow sense. How often have we heard selfish nationalistic politicians and so-called statesmen make statements concerning foreign nations which in a less sane age (if any) would have provoked war. And these broadcasts, mind you, were being radiated throughout the world by powerful short-wave transmitters. Last winter I heard a very dramatic presentation of the alleged attitude of the people of the Saar Valley relative to the coming plebiscite which would determine whether this rich district should go to France or Germany. The program was coming directly from a powerful

Berlin short-wave station, and you can be sure the attitudes depicted were pro-German and anti-French. One can imagine that this presentation was received in France with much chagrin.

What I am saying is this: Why don't we harness this giant whose voice is heard around the world and make him work for peace and understanding between the nations instead of dissension and misunderstanding? I believe it can be done if we exert a conscientious effort. International radio-broadcast is a reality — a practical thing. Sydney and Melbourne are heard with good volume; London, Madrid, Rome, Paris, and Berlin come in like locals; Pittsburg is as good in London as it is in Philadelphia. The technical chasm has been bridged. It is now up to those who can see a world without war to take this molder of opinion and turn the mind of the world from war to peace — from destruction to building — from the baser instincts to those things which make life worthwhile. Shall a nation which can in a few months raise forty-five billion dollars and build an enormous army to make the world free for democracy fail to do its part in making the world free of war?

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HOW TO MAKE A DIME

By Charles West, Jr.

A TYPICAL college sophomore, flashily dressed in a "race-horse" suit and "loud" necktie, withdraws two Liberty-head nickels from his pocket. One of them he replaces in his jeans, the other he inserts into the slot of a pay-telephone, calls a number, and begins conversing with a certain co-ed of Lernmore College. Let's listen in—

Hello, Sal, now whatcha doin'?
This is Hal, boop-doop-a-doin'.
I'm the latest ladies' man,
Better take me while you can —
How about a little date,
I'll be down 'bout half-past eight;
We can spoon and hug and kiss—
Then I'll croon some heav'nly bliss.
I will thrill you with my charms

When I hold you in my arms;
I will tell you 'bout your eyes,
With a few romantic lies.
And you'll swallow hook and line
Saying that you will be mine;
Then I'll swear I love you so—
And you'll sigh and holler, "Oh."

(Central, without hesitation,
Interrupts the conversation)—
"Pardon, son, but we have fees:
Five minutes is five cents, please."

Then the son, so wild and fickle,
Inserts his and Pa's last nickel.

Listen, Hal, you big galoot,
I don't like the line you shoot.
You're the biggest hunk of mush
I've ever heard — I wish you'd hush.
Go and get some other squaw
Who won't bust you on the jaw.
If you try to flirt with me
I'll knock you to —— (yes, siree);
You may think you're lots of fun,
But you haven't got brain one.
Don't come here to have a spree,
'Cause I'll tear you limb from tree.
And besides, I'm dating Jim—
He is handsome, neat, and trim.
As for you and your vile gin,
You are what the cat dragged in!
Jim has bought a spiffy Cord,
You're still paying on that Ford.
So hang up and stop that fuss
'Fore I boil and start to cuss.
Take your who's and why's and whut's
Somewhere else, 'cause you're plain nuts.
Find a river, jump in thrice;
Hold your breath and come up twice.

(Central, with a rapid whir,

Re-rings Sal, and speaks to her:
"Pardon, but I overheard
You and that —— (let's skip the word),
And since you have cooked his hash,
I'm refunding you his cash.")

Two Buffalo nickels are ejected from the telephone, significant of the fact that "Hal" has been "buffaloed."

"SMILING" BILLY STEWART

By C. P. Vincent

THE Associated Press covering the death of "Smiling" Billy Stewart, former feather-weight champion of the world, declared that it was the result of a "terrific right cross" received in his fight with "Sailor" Sam Flaherty. Billy dying from Flaherty's punch? How he would have hooted at that! He was never hit with a full power punch in his entire fighting career. Why, when I first took charge of Billy three short years ago — when he was just an ambitious little "prelim" boy with the sole idea in his mind of becoming a champion — why, even then he was too smart for that. And that body of his! How he would have laughed at the mere thought that a right cross from the hand of that egotistical little sailor could have even bruised it! His death was caused from a clot on his brain, the result of a high-dive into shallow water one month previous to that fatal night.

Billy had paid no attention to that lump on his head — he even laughed when he told us in the dressing room before the fight that something in his head was throbbing. Not dreaming that there could be anything seriously the matter, I kidded him by remarking that it was caused from his getting the "big-head" because of his long, undefeated record. Billy, in reply to this, laughed, for he, as well as everyone else, knew that, in spite of his gigantic success and popularity, he was an unusually modest little kid. Oh, if I had only known that that same small, innocent-looking lump was to prove fatal to him!

That last fight of Billy's was typical of his whole life. He entered the ring with that childish, friend-winning smile on his face;

he had the air of being confident to the *nth* degree, though there was nothing "cocky" about him. The crowd applauded madly, for they knew Billy — and what he was. They knew him for a square-shooter; twenty-two years of age; five feet six; deep chest, tanned to a russet brown from continual exposure to summer suns; legs and arms that announced, at the same moment, power, speed, and grace. His stocky little neck supported a well-featured face, with laughing, irresistible blue eyes, in which were intermingled mirth and determination; a short but finely chiseled nose, and white, even teeth, which made his smile the envy of everyone. Topping these extraordinarily fine features was a mop of curly brown hair. Indeed, he was more the picture of a diminutive Greek god than one of a pugilist waiting for action. This was not all, for his heart was even more perfect than his external appearance. He possessed that trait so uncommon to the general run of fighters — infinite faith in a Divine Being! He would have given his life for a friend. He would have been horrified to have heard this same friend say anything insolent about God. I do not mention *God* here to throw public sentiment on Billy Stewart. Anyone who has ever come in contact with him will vouch for the fact that he was entirely religious. What a queer combination for a prize fighter!

Just before the referee announced the fighters, Billy quietly lowered his head and whispered in his simple, boyish way: "God, let me fight a fair and good fight." That was all, but when he raised his head from his gloved hands he could have whipped ten Flahertys!

The fight started, and Billy, a look of determination on that smiling face, began at once to "make a monkey" out of the ostentatious little sailor who had said so many times that Billy was afraid to risk his title against him. Billy had never fought better than he was fighting those first two minutes: flashing lefts with the speed of a striking rattlesnake, hard rights, clever feints, and his customary expert parrying and blocking. The sailor was bewildered by such a surprisingly furious attack so early in the fight, and could not seem to come within six inches of Billy's face. In the last minute of the round the sailor realized that he was hopelessly "sunk" if something didn't happen. Clinching with Billy, he shot a swift blow with his knee to his groins. The referee failed to see this intentional foul, but the crowd did, and they booed lustily. Billy winced, his knees wobbled, and he stood bent over in an agony of pain, but he made no comment to the referee. Flaherty, seeing this, rushed in

to finish the fight, but Billy, suddenly rising from his crouch, dropped him cold in his tracks with a right hook delivered with the last dram of strength in his body. The sailor lay sprawled on the canvas, and Billy reeled to a neutral corner. The referee was counting "eight!" when the bell sounded. I hurried across the ring to Billy and asked him if he was all right. He answered that it wasn't the knee which had dazed him, but that there was a burning pain in his forehead. This worried me all the more, for his eyes did not have their natural brightness — they appeared to be covered with a glassy film. I led him to his corner and then proceeded to do something I had never previously done in all my affiliation with the fight game — I seized the towel to throw in the ring. I was going to take no chance with my "boy," but my hand was stopped in its action by one of Billy's, while he said, "No, Mike, never *that* — I'll finish this guy the next round, and then we can see what's the matter with me." I dropped the towel and let him have his way.

The bell for the second round sounded, and Billy, his eyes still glassy, walked slowly out to meet Flaherty. There was no smile on his face now, nothing but cold determination. He jabbed a couple of fast lefts to the sailor's head, and then I signalled for our favorite "No. 3" — a punch that had never failed us when we were in need of a quick "kayo." Billy acknowledged my signal by immediately putting himself in position to throw that difficult punch. He shot a right, timed slow, in a straight line for Flaherty's jaw. It was timed slow enough for the sailor to pull his head to the right in order to escape it. While the sailor was pulling his head to the right, Billy drew his right hand back in the same line that it had been delivered, thereby giving his body a slight turn and adding more momentum to his left hook, which was travelling at the same time towards his opponent's uncovered jaw. This punch — all the work of a split-second — would have ended the fight had it landed, but in the middle of the semi-circle the arm suddenly dropped, Billy's legs sagged, and he slumped to the floor. Horrified, I watched him regain his feet and stare out of sightless eyes at Flaherty. The sailor, not a little surprised, took advantage of the opportunity to send a heavy right to the heart of the already dying man. Billy went down with a thud, his lips moved and formed the word "Mike!" The referee methodically counted ten, and Flaherty's hand was raised in a token of victory.

Not a soul in that audience moved; they knew that something was

the matter with their favorite. Everyone waited speechlessly for us to bring him to, but seeing our efforts were in vain, I stiffled the sobbing in my throat long enough to call for a doctor. The doctor, after a brief examination, muttered a few words in the promoter's ear. This worthy, an ardent admirer of Billy, drew back momentarily as if he were startled out of his wits; he collected himself and announced to the audience these ineffacable words: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is my solemn duty to announce to you that 'Smiling' Billy Stewart, the fairest, and most beloved fighter that we have ever seen, is—is—is *dead!*" The crowd gasped, women screamed, tears came into the eyes of hardened old men, then there descended a hush over all. The crowd slowly filed out, and I was soon left alone, holding the lifeless body of the boy whom I had grown to love as a son. My eyes were tearless, for my senses were numb. I was staring into space, hearing over and over that simple little prayer, "God, let me fight a fair and good fight."

Well, Billy, if anyone *ever* fought a fair and worthy fight, you did. Now you've gone to that God, leaving your old pal, Mike, with the determination in his heart to live such a life, so that in some beautiful day he can stand beside you in that God's presence and hear Him say: "Well done, my children; you have both fought a good fight, and your reward is — eternal companionship." Eternal companionship with you? That, Billy, is all the heaven I ask for, and until that time: *Auf Wiedershen!*

ROLLER - COASTER

By F. M. Paine

WHEN I was about sixteen years of age, I spent a week-end in and about Boston with my uncle. He suggested that we go out to Revere Beach to enjoy the sea breeze, adding that he wanted me to ride on a real roller-coaster.

It took us nearly two hours to travel the eight miles to Revere Beach. As we reached the outskirts of the beach settlement, I could see a mass of white, intricate frame-work towering over the cottages. My uncle was watching me with a quizzical eye, and he burst into laughter when I said that I was sorry to see so much

twisted wreckage, and that the snow, combining its forces with the wind, must cause a great deal of damage each year. To my consternation, I found that as we drew nearer the twisted wreckage seemed to have a certain symmetry to it that could not have been caused by the caprices of Mother Nature. All at once I realized that it was not wreckage, but a diabolically planned piece of architecture that had been maliciously called by its inventor "an asset to the fun-loving public."

Built of spidery, steel girders, this roller-coaster stands nearly one hundred and thirty feet high. It has been very appropriately named "Lightning." Even New York's Coney Island has nothing faster.

We stopped across the street from it, and because we were so close to it, I could not see the top from the inside of the car. To me this made the structure seem much taller than it really is. Uncle Jack thrust a quarter into my already clammy palm, laughing at my woeful expression. I dragged my recalcitrant feet across the street, glancing sadly over my shoulder at Uncle Jack, who was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, puffing a cigar that was blacker than a Stygian cave. I relinquished the perspiring coin to the smirking ticket-seller, and in turn gave up a bit of cardboard to a gate-keeper, who appeared to my fast ebbing powers of rationality to be an alarming personification of the devil. Three students, probably from Harvard Summer School, joked weakly about flowers and floral pieces. They seemed none too sure of the outcome. I felt better when they asked me if I liked orange blossoms. No more heroic patrons were forthcoming, so the gate-keeper motioned for us to take our places. An Irish urchin, who chewed tobacco fiercely, asked me how I felt. I started to say "O. K.," but as I saw him fastening two safety belts around me, I let the words of attempted bravado go unuttered. "This is awful," I thought. "Two safety belts!" The devilish gate-keeper, as if reading my thoughts, gave the lever beside him a pull, which yanked me out of my morbid reveries, and started us on a funeral-like climb. Glancing over the right side of the car I could see the tranquil Atlantic about three hundred yards away. The bathers on the beach had paused to watch the roller-coaster, no doubt eagerly waiting to view my mangled body when it was thrown from the speeding car on its erratic course. Fifty feet from the left side of the structure, and now about ninety feet below me, was a street cut by two shining steel ribbons that

appeared to be about an inch apart. How was I to know that it was a narrow-gauge railway that gave the illusion of such a terrifying height when viewed from above? All I knew was that the sight made me hate my uncle. As we reached the peak of our climb I decided to forgive him, because I could not die hating anyone. We hung suspended in mid-air a moment before the bottom of the car dropped away from me. The heavy leather safety belts creaked fiendishly as they clutched me, carrying me helplessly to my end. I knew the car was not on the rails, because it was falling straight down. In a moment we would go through the U-shaped dip in the bottom of the dive like a bullet going through a paper target. My head snapped back with a sickening lurch — I saw not rails and sand, but blue skies filled with jeering gulls. What could have saved us? I had no time to ponder, for I was again speeding downward in a semi-curve, the wind tearing my eyes out, and shouting a victory song in my ears. We took a curve that was banked at right angles. What a sensation to be speeding in mid-air at fifty miles an hour viewing the ocean through the floor boards, the ground hurtling past on your right, and on your left, the sky being ripped relentlessly by the superstructure. A series of sharp dips and rolls, another impossible curve, the exhausted thud, thud of wheels, and the ride was over. I sat there in a daze, hearing voices, realizing that someone was fumbling with the safety belts — then I knew no more.

Uncle Jack's booming voice came faintly through the maze of vague hallucinations that danced before me. I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the platform before the ticket-booth. I gave a sickly grin, said nothing, and tottered to my feet. I was not then in the habit of smoking, but I gratefully snatched the cigarette my uncle offered to me. With some of my old semblance of diffidence, I teetered across the street to our car, gaining strength with each puff from the cigarette.

To this day I am nothing but a mitigated earthworm when some well-meaning person offers me a chance to ride on a roller-coaster. I decline firmly, sometimes giving to my friends the opinion that I am indeed an ingrate or worse yet — a hypocrite.

THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

By Pickett Lumpkin

THE Saar territory is a very rich industrial and mining district, consisting of 726 square miles, with a very dense population of 790,000 people. It is located on the Franco-German border north of Alsace-Lorraine. It was with the latter that the French claimed the Saar should go because it is upon the Saar's coal deposits of twelve and one-half billion tons that the vast steel industry of Alsace-Lorraine was based. They demanded that they should receive these mines as a payment for the coal taken from the northern part of France by the Germans during the war. In addition, they stated that there were some 150,000 Frenchmen in the region even though the census of 1910 showed that there were but 342 people speaking French in the same territory. This figure can be considered accurate, since at that time the people of Germany and of the world did not have the least idea that France should ever claim that part of Prussia as a part of France.

The French, however, were able to hood-wink President Wilson into agreeing to give the mines of the Saar to her and to place the territory under the control of the League for 15 years. A plebiscite was to be held at the end of 15 years to determine whether its future status would be German, French, or League controlled. If it should vote German, then Germany must pay France for the mines within one year — whose value at that time was about 350 million gold francs. The French hoped to arrange things so that when the plebiscite was held they could annex the Saar. They planned to be able to coerce the people by the economic power which they would acquire by ownership of the mines. They desired to influence the new generation toward France by the French schools connected with the mines. These Saar plans were a failure from the first. The French post-war attitude of revenge and oppression toward their native Germany aroused their hatred and animosity toward France. Then the Saar business was not the "gold-mine" they had expected, and therefore a large part of them sold out to Germans and other nationalities. Also, the attempt to send the children to French schools was one of the chief points of contention.

The French had until very recently given up all hope of annexing

the Saar and even negotiations had been once carried on with Stresemann to do away with the formality of a plebiscite, which probably would be very embarrassing to France. It was a foregone conclusion that the region would vote at least ten to one in favor of reuniting with Germany.

However, Hitler has assumed power since then, and the results of the plebiscite are not as certain as before. Hitler has persecuted the Socialists and Communists, and therefore the twenty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of the Saar, which are Marxists, will oppose desperately an union with the Germany of Hitler. Then the Saar has become a center of refugées from Germany who would rather die than face again the police of Hitler. The ultimate outcome of the vote rests with the Catholic population, which is seventy per cent. of the region. What will be their attitude? They do not like Hitler because of his persecution of their church and his attempt to make it his minion and to Teutonize it. But will their dislike of Hitler be sufficient to overcome their Germanism and the desire to be with their own people? Their minds tell them to beware of Hitler, but their hearts go out to their Fatherland. The official position of the Holy See at Rome has been one of official neutrality, and the Bishops of Speyer and Treres have forbidden the clergy to avail themselves of their ecclesiastical offices for political purposes. The laity, however, recently formed a Christian National Socialist Party which proposes to defend both the German and Catholic character of the Saar. It is composed of both Catholics and Protestants, and appears to be leaning toward the maintenance of the League control. The Catholics are pleased by this mixed composition of the movement because should the Saar vote against Germany they fear the reaction against the Catholics in Germany.

Germany is waging a desperate campaign to obtain a favorable vote. It realizes that even a minority of twenty or thirty per cent. against Germany would be a terrible blow to its prestige. The enemies of Hitler could point out the discrepancies between the vote in a free election and to the nine to one majorities given in his supervised in Germany. And then they remember the Hitler majorities were smaller in the region around the Saar than any other place in Germany. They cry that it is the question of being German or not. They play upon the German nationality of the people, and their watchword is "Deusch ist die Saar."

Regardless of the outcome of the Saar plebiscite, the danger of

war has been lessened within the last few weeks. Germany has promised a year of safety to the Jews and the Marxists. Also she has promised to pay France for the mines, and France has agreed in turn to make satisfactory terms for payment in case the territory votes to go to Germany. Laval stated in his recent declaration of foreign policy that France would accept in advance the results of the Saar plebiscite. While declaring that France intended to see that the voting was free and fair, he said that he saw no reason why the issue should not be settled smoothly and amicably.

It is my hope that the Saar will vote against Germany and for continued control by the League, or at least cast a large protest vote against the Germany of Hitler. This would be a crushing rebuff to Nazism. However, it is my personal opinion that the vote for the status quo will be large but not sufficient to prevent the union with Germany. But the result cannot be determined definitely until the day of January 13th, 1935. Should in this time a definite break take place between the Vatican and Berlin, then the sixty per cent. of Catholics would unite with the twenty-five per cent. of Marxists and the status quo would then be continued until that day when Hitler passes from the stage.

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TAKING STOCK

By John Splawn

IN this vague and apprehensive hour of economic upheaval and social and political transition, one begins to wonder just what we are coming to—what position our ship will be in when the present fuel and head winds are exhausted. To calculate this to any exacting degree, one must turn back to that sombre day in 1929, when our vast national economic structure virtually collapsed. Messenger boys were hurrying—they knew not where; widows saw through tear-stained eyes, and financiers were in conjecture as to whether they should take it on the nose or grasp for the easiest way out.

Our great country, in those dark days, reeled and rocked, powerless to go forward, with increasing factors to push it backward. We sailed an uncertain course in stagnant waters, with nothing to do

but trust to fate. But, with the election of 1931, in which Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Democratic choice, bowled over the Republican candidate, Herbert Hoover, we acquired a little confidence and hope that we might pull through and start forward again. We began to guess and hope. This soon changed to wonder, as Roosevelt's first executive act was the declaration of a National bank holiday. The expiration of the holiday left many banks unopened, but we didn't mind so much; we were getting used to it.

After his initial step, Roosevelt began to strike right and left with his presidential whip. He brought his New Deal policy into play, a thing which has been a keynote of his campaign maneuvers. He started alphabetically creating the R. F. C., the F. E. R. A., the C. W. A., the A. A. A., to name only a few. He moved his forces into position and began his big drive to drive out economic chaos and replace it with prosperity and contentment. Whether or not he has succeeded cannot be the question yet, as his policies and actions have not had sufficient trial. But we can deal with what he has done, and risk our guess as to what the ultimate outcome will be.

The main basis for judging the results of anything so monstrous and far-reaching as Roosevelt's Administration, the New Deal, is by reaction.

Immediately after his inauguration, Roosevelt enjoyed wholehearted and undecided support in his administration, but as changes came more rapidly and drastically, there were outcroppings of opposition along the front. People began to weigh his policies with a critical eye. And here, my dear friend, is where friction starts. Some of the best economic minds in the country have openly and severely thrown brickbats of disapproval at the New Deal. Now, what I propose to do is to see just what has been the reaction of the multitude since the new administration.

The president has been a fairy god-father to the suffering thousands of the preceding administration. With a lavish hand he has dealt out hundreds of millions for relief alone; in fact, the expenditures for relief alone amounts to $265,000,000 during July and August. In July and August, the government spent $980,000,000; the receipts totalled only $504,000,000. This relief money is being handed out to unemployed and poverty-stricken thousands in the form of a payroll for work on relief projects. The recipients com-

mand an average of forty cents an hour for their service. Many of them, even at that, have refused to work. However, I don't blame some of them, for they would have to work under foremen less capable than they are.

In another category, relief has put out money in the form of increased industrial payrolls. Codes formed by the N. R. A. have blanketed industry. Men who were working sixty-nine hours a week for thirteen dollars and twenty cents in 1932 began working forty hours for sixteen dollars in 1933—an increase of twenty-one cents per hour. Capital has been hard put to increase its payrolls to this new level, and has gone about it in a reluctant attitude. A greater barrier, and strained relations, between capital and labor has been the result. There have been many strikes in almost every form of industry in the last year. The reason is not hard to find. Roosevelt has done so much toward aiding the laborer that he has blindly assumed that the president sanctions such acts—that Roosevelt himself is antagonistic to capital.

It is my opinion that if present conditions are allowed to continue for much longer we shall wake up to what we are heading for; then, and then only, shall we come out of the storm and resume a smooth and happy course.

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EDITOR

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

IT was about a month ago that I stood in front of Main waiting for the bell to ring the change of classes. I used my cane to keep my derby, which was propped on my right ear, from tipping me off balance. For lack of something better to do, I was wishing that the editor of *The Weekly* would show up so we could gripe about situations. A seedy-looking freshman ambled over to me and timidly held out a paper.

"Here's a poem I thought you could use," he mumbled.

I snatched the paper before it had a chance to get away and breathed a prayer of thanks to the shades of Shakespeare. Maybe business was picking up! I glanced at the name on the outside—

"Nub" Jones. Just then the bell rang, proving that time and tide wait for an editor no more than for a man.

"Jones," I said, "this is fine as heck! We need some first-class verse. Right now I've got to spend an hour with the great Psychological Explanation. You drop by my stall this P. M. and we'll snort this over."

After hash, I went to my room, dropped down in an easy chair, and loaded my smoke-sprayer. Then I picked up Jones' paper, and, after conjecturing a bit, decided that I would be pleasantly surprised if it were worth a senior's privilege. On opening it, I got the shock of my life. I made the astounding discovery that Edgar A. Guest was a hallmate of mine. You think I was glad? Hardly that. To a literatus, you know, plagiarism is a darker sin than manslaughter. My hair, which stands as firmly as does Gibraltar, quit cold and lay down for the nonce. Then it stood up and curled—on my word, each hair tried to do Mae West. Recognize how I felt? Suppose the Pope should catch a muddy-water negro shooting craps on the Vatican floor. That's it exactly.

When my startled brains had climbed back up my spinal cord (one of my psychological theories), I decided to go immediately and introduce myself to Mr. Guest. I always had wanted to meet the fellow. I got the number of his room from the hall manager, and on the way there I thought up some nasty things to say. Jones was alone in his room, seated on the bed. When he saw me he turned as white as an Easter lily. He was more than terrified — he trembled. At first I was so surprised at seeing him thus that I was speechless. Then I caught myself; I threw the damning paper at him, hissed the word, *plagiarist,* and strode out of the room. Once outside, I shook the dust off my feet. The thing was over, I thought.

After supper that night I decided to compose a poem. You've got to have conditions just to your taste to perform this delicate operation, you know. Coleridge liked to compose while walking over uneven ground, and Neander liked to lie on his stomach. As for me, I have experimented a great deal, and I find the following conditions most helpful to me. I put on my pink silk pajamas and light my pipe. Then I lie flat on my back in bed, stick my feet straight up in the air, and blow smoke rings at my toes. It surely is hard to hold this position. You've probably noticed that I do not write long poems. Well, at any rate, I was just before manufacturing one of these "moon, croon, spoon" effects when someone knocked

on my door. "Slide under," I shouted, and in slid "Nub" Jones. I sat up on the edge of my cot and scowled.

"There's been a mistake," he stammered. "I gave you the wrong, *uh* . . . here's the right *uh*. . . ."

For the second time that day he held out a paper. Mastering an impulse to run amuck, I took the paper and waved him to a chair. Then I snapped on the light and read. By Banquo's ghost, I never saw such a free verse! Not only were rime and rhythm lacking, but reason as well. Yes, sir, Gertrude Stein's stuff became as simple as flunking a Physics quiz. I sneaked a glance at Jones. Did he really think the stuff was poetry? I added the proverbial two and two. First, he had tried plagiarism. Now he had concocted this verbal monstrosity and was trying to lie himself up to par. I decided to play the game with him.

"Jones, boy," I said, "I'm sorry about our typographical error. Now this poem has possibilities. It's on the style of Walt Whitman."

I didn't tell him that I referred to those portions of Whitman that are over my head. I got up and handed him a book on the mechanics of poetry — seven hundred pages of polysyllables.

"Browse through this and then work your poem over," I said. "Hand it to me in a couple of days."

With a dazed look, Jones staggered out under the weight of the volume, and I snickered, for I couldn't read the darn thing myself.

Well, I surely had started something. *That* one of the Jones boys could take it. In two weeks he read three books on verse—also Poe, Swinburne, and Whitman. He couldn't write though — just didn't have what it takes. Every day or so he would bring me an attempt; each time I would criticize it and tell him to try again. This he would do as if his life depended on it. Yes, both of us knew that he was paying for his sin. I don't know if he thought he had me fooled or not.

At first I enjoyed the situation. I figured that it would do Jones good, and help him, too. After about two weeks, however, it began

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to tell on him. He became pale and haggard. Yes, sir, just from worry and loss of sleep. I, too, became tired of his hanging around asking me about an iambus or an anapaest. Then I found that I couldn't get rid of him. I hinted — I told him plainly — I even ran from him, but to no avail. He showered me with rotton verse (I flatter), until I developed a chronic nausea. I don't know what would have happened if my ire had not been aroused.

Just two nights ago I was fixing up to step around to see my queen. You know — we were going to spend the evening alone by the fire, discussing Socrates and Aristotle, etc. And say — my queen — but you wouldn't believe that. I was in a hurry, too, for it was already late. I had just crawled into my room-mate's pants when in came Jones with a paper. Just the sight of him made me weak as water. We had to go through it all again. I didn't even read this one, just looked at it for a few minutes and then told him the same old story. He went out sadly.

When I pulled in at my queen's, she had just stepped out with a top-hat sheik.

I sat on the curbing and tasted utter loneliness. Then my adrenal glands turned up-side-down and rage seized me. I placed my derby on the ground, trampled it flat, and set out to find Jones — with blood in my eye. On the way I thought some things that would make a modern prose writer blush like a first-day nudist.

Jones was seated with his elbows on his desk and a paper in front of him. I walked right in, snatched the paper, and tore it up.

"You sneaking liar," I shouted, "you never will write anything decent. If you bring me another paper I'll bat your brains out."

He hid his face in his hands. I never saw such a picture of

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dejection. "I wrote Mother I was editor," he mumbled.

That took the wind out of my sails. I flopped down on his trunk.

"You did," I gasped. "Couldn't you tell her it's a mistake?"

He shook his head. And there you have it. What to do? I thought of resigning my job, but decided that would not work, as the editor had to be a senior. After pondering a while, I stood up wearily and said, "Leave this to me, Jones. Just please don't bring me any more poems."

Now you know why the assistant editor is V. S. Jones, a freshman. And did you see that poem by him in the last issue? I say it's a good one — even if I did write it myself!

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HONOR AMONG OUR STUDENTS

By Bill Houck

LAST year Wofford College amended the Honor System as a method of student government and established faculty supervision of tests and examinations. The writer, a freshman, was at a loss to understand this action when he heard about it upon entering school here. But the reason for this former action has since been explained to him and it has also been pointed out to him that this subject is a sore topic of discussion at Wofford. Now, systems of government may be introduced, amended, and abolished at will with little hurt to the body of persons affected by such action,

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but personal honor and the honor of organizations can never be altered. It is one thing for students to admit that they need faculty supervision to protect themselves from the weak students who cannot be trusted on examinations; it is quite another thing for a large number of our students to voice quite satirically their regrets for the abolition of the Honor System by saying that they can no longer use their books on tests because they are watched by professors.

As a matter of fact, an honor system is still in effect. We have no professors to look over us when we are preparing our lessons. We may still report on several hours of English or Bible parallel reading without ever having read it; we may still copy German or French sentences from our next-door neighbor without ever having looked at our lesson; we may go a long way in doing dishonest things on a test without being caught. Nevertheless, all of this is cheating, and cheating is a violation of personal honor, the worst kind of school spirit, and one of the most shameful disgraces a college may bear. Now, it is quite true that these few introductory words mean nothing to a great number of our students, even if they condescend to read them and accept the definition given of cheating as a correct one. Nor are they ever affected by such discussion in whatever manner it is presented. They are at least honest in deceiving themselves. They excuse themselves in every conceivable way. They say that the professor is unreasonable in assignments and that, therefore, the student isn't obligated in any way to do all of the assignment. Then they shouldn't do all of the assignment, but keep their conscience clean by not deceiving anyone about it—most of all themselves. These unfortunate fellows also say that they are not interested in a certain subject and do not feel as if they should put

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time on it. Time is never wasted in preparing any subject if it gives one an opportunity to practice honesty.

There are other phases of our school life in which we should strive to be honorable. I should say all of our activities merit our best efforts, but the barrier between honor and the lack of it is what we should be chiefly concerned about. Some of us do not seem to know just where to establish this line of division. Certainly I am incapable of establishing it. There are so many difficult circumstances that engulf us and there is so much from which to choose that it is often hard for us to make decisions involving our honor and character. Nevertheless, every one of us, I believe, prides himself on having a conscience to guide him. We also have intuition and instinct to warn us. Let us not disobey these good friends, for every time we do disobey them we push them just a little further away and out of use. I am not speaking of mistakes which the best of us continually make, but of the direct violation of the commands that our better selves dictate.

In order to do any honor to ourselves and to our institution we must do things for honor's sake alone. I wonder if the time is past when men no longer do honorable and worthy things for their own personal satisfaction. If this should come to pass in every other institution in the country there is still no reason for Wofford losing its integrity. The men behind us—both professors and students—have maintained far too high a standard for us to give way in the least to anything except that which becomes a gentleman. There is no place in Wofford College for dishonorable men!

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BOOK REVIEWS

By Allan R. Broome

ALFALFA BILL

A Biography by Gordon Hines

JUST what kind of a man is Alfalfa Bill Murry of Oklahoma? We have seen all kinds of descriptions of him in books, magazines, and newspapers. Some have described him as being a political monkey, and others have described him as a genius rising out of the sands of Texas.

The following was taken from a recent issue of the *Time* magazine: "William Henry Murry leaves no man neutral. To his friends he is a second Andrew Jackson sent to lead the plain people out of economic bondage. To his foes he is another William Jennings Bryan threatening the very foundations of the United States economic life. In the Murry makeup there is undoubtedly much of the 'Old Hickory,' much of the 'Great Commoner,' but there is enough more to make him a distinct political individual. Crude as Lincoln, he has the common touch; active as Roosevelt, he dramatizes public issues; honest as Cleveland, he makes public office a public trust. . . . He is the political darling of poor men everywhere. He is scorned by the literate and urbane; yet, he is probably better read than the average run of the United States presidents."

The latest idealization of William Henry Murry is published in the form of a biography by Gordon Hines. This intimate biography,

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as Murry himself calls it, deals with him as almost superhuman in both private and political life. This book is very interesting in its content, and can be enjoyed by any reader with a reflective mind.

According to Mr. Hines, many interesting things happened to young David William Henry Murry at his home in Texas, under the careful supervision of his stepmother, in his wanderings over Texas and Oklahoma after his running away from home, in his school teaching experiences, in his newspaper work, and in politics. But regardless of the situation that arises, he is always open-minded, honest, progressive, and powerful, as is every man who possesses a master mind and a dynamic personality.

A very interesting story is that of how, after Alfala Bill was elected senator for the first time, he gave it up to his opponent. He had made the statement during the campaign that if he couldn't carry his own county he wouldn't have the senatorship. When the returns came in he was overwhelmingly elected, but he failed to carry his own county by eight votes. He immediately resigned the position and gave it to his opponent.

This book is very interesting reading all the way through, but there seems to be little foundation for some of the statements made by Mr. Hines.

A copy of this book is now in the Wofford library and may be obtained by any interested reader.

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*YEARS ARE SO LONG

By Josephine Lowrence

THIS book could not have been better timed had the author been thinking of a great social problem instead of a novel concerning human nature in a small American town. This book centers around the great question, "What becomes of the old people in a very marked individualistic civilization, where for some years the husbands and wives have been struggling on for fear they and their families will slip back into poverty?" What happens to the old people who have not saved when it was no longer necessary to support their children? What do the children owe these people when they are struggling to keep their homes, educate their own children, and guard themselves from old-age poverty? What becomes of the old?

"Years Are So Long" is a story, very simple, of the two old Coopers and their five children. Old Bark Cooper has lost his job, and he has called all his children together. They inform the old couple that they will have to give up housekeeping, separate, and live in turns, dependent on the households of the several children.

The two old people constantly shift from one home to another. From Grace, who is striving to pay for her home, to Nellie, who loves her child far more than her mother, and then to George, who fears the responsibility will finally be thrown on him and he will become an old-age problem in the future. And so, through these various households, never at home, often a nuisance, and always pathetic, the two old people wander apart, missing each other, until Bark dies of it, and Lucy at last yields to Addie, who will do nothing but pay her entrance to a home.

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As a cross-section of American lower-middle-class life, the story is unique. The old people are excellently portrayed. The reader will not like the children—they are not supposed to be liked. Is this where the excesses of individualism have left old age in a century determined to go on?

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QUICK AND BRIEF

WAR! That mad game the world so loves to play.—*Goldsmith.*

There was never a good war — or a bad peace.—*Franklin.*

"When the United States enters another war, I'm going to hunt a cave."

The hypocrite was a man who stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

Every man's task is his life preserver.—*Emerson.*

Dreaming is an art of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power, which, if available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare.—*Hedge.*

". . . All men who know not where to look for truth, save in the narrow well of self, will find their own image at the bottom and mistake it for what they seek."—*J. Russell Lowell.*

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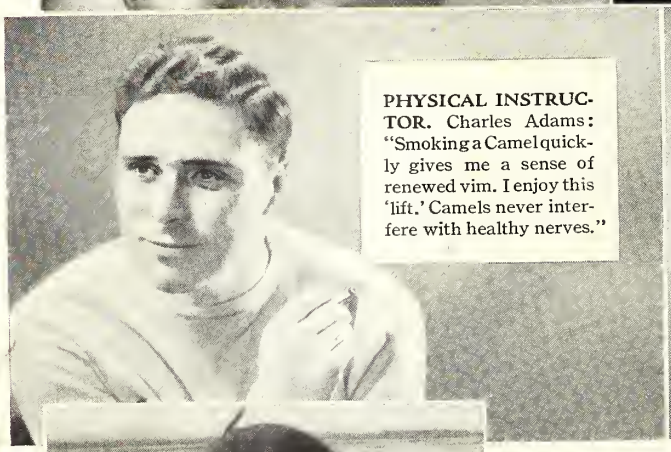

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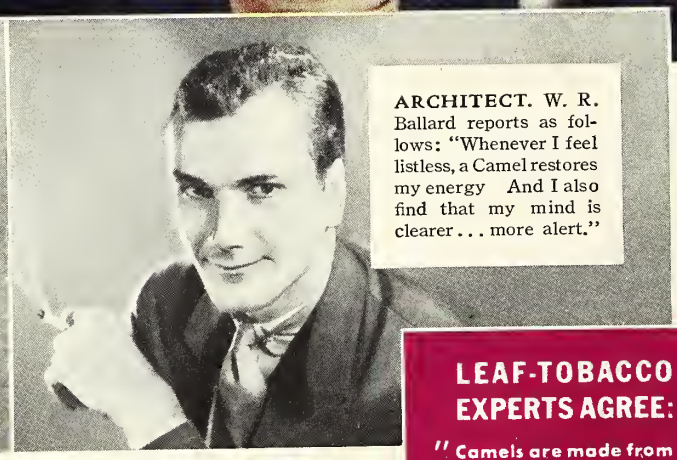

ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports as follows: "Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy And I also find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert."

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EDITORIAL

Now What?

ILLUSTRIOUS FEBRUARY, to thee all other months must yield the crown! Thou hast outstripped them! And certainly do *we* owe thanks to thee, for was it not within thy span, oh shortest of months, that two of our most noble sons first drew the breath of life? Thy name, Great February, means

purity, and twice have children of thine purged this great nation of ours!

Today I render to thee, February, the homage of an editor, for of editors and orators thou art the darling. How could they write — how could they speak—if there had been no Washington, no Lincoln—to give foundation to their words?

Gladly have I looked forward to the writing of this editorial. At first I thought: "It will appear on Lincoln's birthday. I'll whisk my readers back into the midst of that great Civil War. I'll sing of glorious deeds; I'll sob of pathos and of death; I'll paint the great destruction that created one nation indivisible! Thus will I plead for a renewal of brotherhood."

But alas and alack, the plague of the college editor beset me. No material — I had to wait. But I was glad, for I thought: "This will be better! It will appear on the twenty-second. I'll lead my reader back to seventy-six, and he shall look on while I portray the birth of this mighty nation! He will see how steadfast purpose can surmount the greatest odds. From Washington's farewell address I'll gather bits of wisdom and advice which I shall offer for the enrichment of all. And the lesson will be applicable, for today we face great odds and we need a steadfast faith and purpose.

But again I was delayed. This article will appear just at thy close, oh February, and I find no noble character to draw my lesson from. I sit in gloom and hear from every side such terms as *unemployed,*

repudiation of debts, shaken constitution, socialism, communism. What can it mean? Oh, February, has fate decreed that thy own great shall be overshadowed by some Stalin or some Hitler? Or have you even now a still more noble son who will purge this land of ours once again?

POST-MORTEM

By Charles Gilreath

I'M gitting tired a-telling this here tale about the Brown-James affair, so I'm a-gwine to putt it into writing so I kin jest hand it to these here pesky newshounds when they tackle me on the street and say in their sugar-coated way, "Oh, Meester Leslie, they's jest one more point I wanna git clear. Now when—" Course I git a dollar or two ever time I tells 'im sumpin, but it takes up so much o' my time. Hadder miss the horseshoe throwers' match onner count o' that pesky trial. Meant to win that thing meself and cudder done it if I had'ner had to be at the court house.

I wouldn't undertuck to write this here thing if it haddner been fer the boys down to the store. They told me they wus money in a' writing these things, so I thought I'd try it.

'Course I ain't never had no edducation to speak of, but they's folks what tells me they'd a' never suspected it. I don't much 'spect some of you gentile readers cudder either. I never done no writin ceptin in the third grade. I spent well nigh three year a' writing "I must not thow spit-balls." I kin write that kerreck. Well, I'm a' straying off into me own edducation and that ain't no importance here.

Mr. James and Mr. Brown, they uster run the corpse parlor down the street here — why, they run it well nigh ten year. As I wus saying they wus well fit thar. The one of them wus all seniment and the other was all business. Mr. Brown he held a long face at the funeral and said kind things to the loved ones, and Mr. James he sent the bills and collected nine time outter ten. Brown he made the friends and James he made the money.

I reckon you are wondering how come I come in here, but I'm a' coming to that now. They wus a nit-wit boy down to the parlor whut helped out with

the dressings of corpses. He ain't got a licker sense. They has a nick-name for 'im called Joy. I don't see how come he got that name. He just naturally takes the joy outter life fer me. He's powerful dumb to have so smart a sister. Well, she hain't exactly brilliant, but she had several year in the local high school. She do purty well round the house. She be a old maid, but I'm forty meself. At the time I be telling of, they hain't much connaction betwixt us, though I does go down thar some. She would a' married me if I hadder been elected coroner, but I didn't kiss enuff babies and I wus defeated by a few thowsand votes. That brother a' hern is so dumb I wouldn't live with him anyhow. A few week ago he putt pink talcolm powder on a sallow-complacted corpse and they hadder wash 'im over again, and when they got thru he wus so stiff they cudd hardly git 'im back in the box he wus so stiff.

To git along with this story, Mr. Brown wus a church-going man, and Mr. James went when they wus a funeral. Mr. James he got mixed up in the dope-peddling racket with the local doctor and druggist, and fer about a year it looked as if the whole town wus gettin' dopey. The federal dicks couldn't find where it wus coming from, and it kept a' growing. They wusn't nobody knowed that stuff wus coming in marked embalming fluid and hid in the mortuary.

One day a undertaker from another city came in and Brown met him and showed him through the parlor. Brown didn't know much about the place 'cause he ain't never stayed around it much. They wus a' going through when Brown hit it. When they come to the embalming fluid, Brown raised the kiver and seen the stuff inside warn't what it was 'sposed to be.

When the visitor left, Brown went back down there and looked at the stuff. Knowing chemistry as he did, he knowed right off what it wus. When he seen it his purty sleek-black hair nearly turned gray. But he never left the place alive. James wus coming down to take stock of his sleepy-weeds. Well the jig wus up for Brown. James plugged him right betwixt the brow. The explosion wus heard upstair, but when the nit-wit come down and seen the big iluminating bulb busted on the floor, he knowed right off what had happened. The bulb had rolled offing the shelf and made the noise he had heard. He never thought to look around and see what made it roll. James wus hiding behind some boxes then, holding Brown.

Well, they found Brown a' laying in the park next morning a' looking jest like he wus walking home and had a stroke from his weak heart as the doctor said he would. 'Course the doctor smelt a rat and said it wus heart trouble and appleplexy. The coroner, not knowing nothing but how to kiss babies during election, agreed with 'im.

They had the body tuck to the mortuary, and James done the embalming and left the dressing to the nit-wit. This was the nit-wit's job anyways, and James wus gitting conscunce struck, too. If the nit-wit hadder had any brain he cudder seen they wasn't much blood in Brown.

Well, the nit-wit wus a' dressing Brown and a' combing Brown's hair. He being a cow-licked blonde his-self, he jest naturally liked Brown's sleek-black hair. Well, he wus a 'combing it when the good Lord muster loaned him some brains. His comb struck a little bump and cut a slight gash in Brown's rear skull. Well, those brains the good Lord loaned 'im muster worked and he seen they wus a piece of steel backer that bump. Not knowing what to do and not knowing nobody no smarter 'n me, he seen me down to the store and called me in. Well, me being naturally suspecious anyways and being born fer a coroner, I knowed right off what it wus.

I sent for the sheriff, and me and he plucked the steel jacketeer from Brown's scalp. We then removed the post-mortem-plastic-surgery wax which James had kivered the entrance of the bullet with. It wus the neatest job you ever seen, and it woulder worked if it haddner been for me. The federal dicks stumbled into the dope at my suggestion, and James soon cracked.

At the election last week I wus overhaulingly elected coroner, and me and she—her name is Jane, I see I left it out at the beginning of this thing, is gonner git married now that her brother is gone over to Clarksville to work. I wouldner tuck her in if it haddner been for him a' leaving town as he did even if she ain't strong and needs my help.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION

By Kempson DeLoach

THE SUBJECT of education has been the center of much discussion during the past few years. It is practically impossible to read any periodical in which some phase of it is not discussed. In the rapid changes which have been taking place, new principles of government and business have gradually but permanently become fused into our society. This general metamorphosis has necessarily had its effect upon higher education, which in the last analysis is the basis of our society.

One of the most evident facts which is changing the general course of teaching is the increasing number of college graduates who finish school to find no work. According to a recent educator, we have in the United States today about 613,800 adults between 22 and 65 years of age to whom this educator refers as those "whose academic type of intelligence equals that of a youth who graduates from a college like Harvard, Columbia, or Amherst with good grades." We have another 613,800, he continues, who about equal the intelligence of a youth who gets through such a college with only fair marks. In short, there are 1,227,600 whose intelligence is good enough to enable them to receive a diploma from a college. The conclusion is then drawn that there can be suitable work for only a few of that great mass of students who are finishing regularly. It has been estimated that now there are suitable jobs for only one in seven finishing, and that in a generation hence the ratio will be one to twelve. This confronts every student and educator with a momentous question. Is it best for the world and the individual student for the colleges to continue to pour forth their graduates who must meet with some degree of frustration when they start looking for positions commensurate with their education?

There is no use denying facts, for they speak for themselves. When we students of the present generation finish school, the world will not be waiting with outstretched hands to take advantage of our training by paying all of us well for it. A few years ago this was in a large degree the case. A college diploma practically assured the college graduate of a job. This has still persevered in the minds of many of the students of today, and many will be disappointed when they have finished their four years of college and get into the world to find that the position they were looking for is not to be secured. There are still positions, and more than there ever have been, which must have college graduates; but the competition among the great mass of graduates has grown to be so keen that some assert that the majority do not get jobs advanced enough to compensate for the years and money spent in school. It is for this group that a question has been raised concerning the value of higher education.

Such a condition has resulted in a gradual change in the outlook of different educators upon the best plan of college education for the youth of today. While all education, like life itself, is an experience, and hence can't be confined or expressed adequately by words, yet there are certain elements which are worth noticing.

The college training of today is looking more to the development of the individual in all his various capacities than ever before. The emphasis is gradually being shifted from a specialized college course to an inclusive liberal education. If a student is only technically trained, and then fails to find employment in his particular field, his college career hasn't been worth as much to him as it would have been if he had a general education as a background. In a recent address at William and Mary College, President Roosevelt stressed this idea by calling for a return to the liberal education instead of the specializing which in many schools is now taking place among the undergraduates.

By taking advantage of an education embracing the different arts and sciences, a deeper perspective of the complex relations in which we are living today is gained. A broadening of the outlook upon life takes place, which is gained with difficulty without the aid of a liberal education. The fact that we can look behind the superficial acts of men to see the deep currents which are irresistibly carrying the masses on in its scope—this sense of accomplishment, and at the same time reverence, is worth all the four years spent in college.

The return to a liberal education for the mass of students also furnishes a store of knowledge which is a constant source of use and enjoyment. Life today is too lively to wait on us to find the reference books and look up everything. Some one has said that an education is little more than knowing where to find what you want to know. While the ability to use reference books is essential, use is too quick to wait for references. If the trigonometry and literature of the sages is *in* your minds, we shall use them. Otherwise we shall take some one else's word or thoughts about it, and some one else will reap the benefit. Lonely, sick, in bed, or meditating, at such a time how can a value be placed upon the uplifting thoughts which can come only through the inspirations gained by being able to look deep down into life! At such a time pleasures denied

to the uneducated are engaged in which enable us to look beyond the sordid affairs of the world. To be able to enjoy and feel such poems as Tennyson's "Eagle" is of an inestimable value:

> He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
> Close to the sun in lonely lands,
> Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
>
> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
> He watches from his mountain walls,
> And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Or, when beset by petty affairs and trifles, catch a deeper hold upon life by remembering Shakespeare's saying:

> The expense of spirit is a waste of shame,
> Is lust in action.

A new life is open to the youth who wants it—not in dollars and cents, but in the unearthing of buried treasures around him which lead to real living.

When the value of a college education is being questioned, it might be well to ask ourselves how, without intelligence concerning the underlying principles of economical, social, and political subjects, is our democracy to survive amidst the multitudinous changes which it is undergoing today? Affairs in the nation and world have reached such a complex condition that the services and influence of enlightened voters and citizens are essential. The interest of students in current affairs which will concern them later is increasing, as is shown by several recent developments. A recognition of the importance of the students today as the future citizens of tomorrow has been manifested by the recent *Literary Digest* poll concerning the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, and the students' attitude toward war. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, former president of the Phi Beta Kappa alumni, has urged that college groups, "instead of being purely ornamental, should take their supposed intellectual ascendency in earnest and do something to awaken thought and stimulate discussion in their communities." In furtherance of this idea, seniors at Hobart College in New York have initiated a plan whereby various honor students are making tours over the State lecturing on current issues. The Hobart program is being adopted by other schools, and soon honor students all over the nation will be in the same field. The aim is not only to train for an enlarging sense of social obligations, but actually to start the students on the discharge of the duties which they should enter into later. The future welfare of the country depends upon the number of enlightened citizens the colleges put out. The importance of this product cannot be measured by a material standard, and even if the graduate does not obtain a well-paying job, an educated bricklayer or farmer is discharging a duty to society which is indispensable. Throughout the past it has been a recognized fact that the strength of a democracy depended upon the intelligence of the voters. Educate the people was the admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. Educate the people was the legacy which Washington left to the people whom he had saved. Educate the people was the increasing exhortation of Jefferson, and in furtherance of this principle he founded the University of Virginia.

The materialistic aims of a few years ago are gradually being displaced by a new theory of education. The chief reason for the existence of a college is now not so much to teach a man how to make a living, but how to live. Service to a fellow man and society, and a better appreciation of one's own true self, is receiving a greater emphasis than ever before. The future enjoyment of life both for the best interests of the individual and society at large has made the college education of today well worth while, whether no tangible benefits result from it or not.

◆ ◆ ◆

Retribute

By Lewie Hunter

I

We've a many thing to see and sorrow for—
The two of us—you and I—
Before we pass the bier of life
And the funeral of Time creeps by.

II

Our lives may become a mute inquiry—
A monotonous minor theme;
Or even the throb of a frail melody,
Or the nervous precision of dream.

III

Some day we may touch the flames of Love—
The two of us—as fate wills—
And our tears shall flow through the spaces of time—
A torment of idiotic trills.

IV

Just the two of us now—regardless of space
And the ties which clutch us like bars,
Can always glance back and find the time,
When our souls are asleep in the stars.

TOTAL LOSS

By H. K. Ward

HIS energy seemed unlimited. Each moment of the day his voice or his laugh could be heard in the back yard. In response to his laugh there was always another — lighter, girlish, and almost like the musical tinkle of small chimes.

They were constant companions — that boy and girl—ever since she had crossed the road to help him launch his kite. In return he had taught her to ride like a Comanche, to swim — to do all those things

he admired in his boy companions. But her value to him was great. She taught him that fine, pleasant laugh, lent him a certain care-free outlook on life that stayed with him for eighteen years.

For three years they played together. Their friendship ripened—grew finer and stronger until they knew it would always last. He approved of her—her every action and thought, and she admired him—his smile, his eyes that radiated life—unquenchable and unbeatable.

Once he fell in love—not with her, but with another girl. He couldn't keep her from the back of his heart though. She seemed to hover, ever present, one time serious, another time smiling. It was no use. He decided he didn't love this other girl, but the sudden revolt was probably never accredited to its proper source.

It was during his first year in college that he realized that he would marry her, if he ever married. He wondered why it had taken him so long to see what should have been obvious. Then he thought that maybe it would change their feeling for each other if he didn't wait until she was older and would be able to realize how deeply in earnest he was. Perhaps he was right—the girl was young—very young for love that must live forever.

And so he waited. After college he waited nine years, not that it was necessary, but there was another reason that seemed right to him—this unusual man. He wasn't egotistical about this, because he loved her too much for that—but he knew he would have won if he had come to her sooner, because she would have mistaken her adoration for love. Later she would know she loved him, even before he came, unless she found someone else first. Then he would not cheat her, for her affection for him must bow before love.

"Jo," he thought, "must be happy."

. . . . . .

Probably everyone acquainted with New York's notorious Wall Street will recognize the name of John Beaufort. That name seems to reflect high finance, select clubs, and yachts. Seven years had been enough for this genius to amass his great riches. He was happy—not because of immense wealth, but because he had accomplished it all by himself. To him it had been a wonderful game, filled with adventure, a constant conflict with men who clamored to throw him into a deep abyss, representing business ruin. He

didn't think about the possibility of being the loser, or, if he did, only in the light of what a really stupendous loss it would be, with the opportunity of coming back to the top again — and all the glorious adventure to live over again. What more could be asked than to live from top to bottom, and then again to the top? It was what made everything worth while.

At his home in the evenings, Beaufort often sat alone and read a book, or perhaps put aside his book to think — and his thoughts invariably traveled backwards eighteen years. Now he was ready. He would go to Virginia next week to talk and laugh with Jo. Of course he received letters from her often — letters that were warm and friendly — something more, for sometimes they seemed to beckon to him to come, that she had guessed his secret, and loved him too. Beaufort smiled and recalled vivid details of the little Virginia town. It was just seven days away.

. . . . . .

The week nearly passed, and one day he came home to find a letter from his mother. He began reading it and half-way through he uttered a cry — horrible, like the cry of a drowning man devoid of all hope, yet yearning passionately for life. Beaufort read again — perhaps there was a mistake. But there wasn't. It was there.

"A terrible thing happened last week. Jo Carroll was riding alone on the Rock Ridge road. Something frightened her horse, and Jo was thrown into a deep gully. She was found. . . ."

It wasn't necessary to read further. He sobbed—broke down and cried for the first time in grief—grief that sapped his splendid youth and left him a bitter old man. His bitterness was all for himself, for he realized how selfish and almost inhuman he had been to have waited to claim Jo when she had always been his. Now she would be living — so sweet and laughing, as she had always been. He looked into a mirror that hung above the mantelpiece — saw an old face, lack-luster eyes, a lined mouth. He had killed Jo, and her death killed everything that John Beaufort meant.

. . . . . .

Many people lost when Beaufort stock went to the bottom. The stockholders held on because they thought they knew John Beaufort, the man who had always been successful. But the stock continued to fall until it hit rock-bottom — went into the hands of the receivers.

With Jo gone, all of Beaufort had fled to her. No longer did he welcome battle. That man was defeated by memory and remorse that his memories had to be what they were.

◆ ◆ ◆

WAR IN THE HEAVENS

By Peter Moody

The attempted description of an impression.—Author's Note.

WE HAD gone for a long walk that pleasant Sunday afternoon, and just at sunset we climbed the steep slope of a grassy hill and sat down to rest in the little cemetery on top. From a moss-covered stone slab in that quiet old cemetery we witnessed the most colorful struggle in nature —that of Night against Day.

Over in the west, the sun, a crimson commander, had arrayed red regiments and burning battalions in a molten mass to make a last valiant stand against the advancing army of Night. The entire western sky was a blazing battlefield of colours—scarlet, orange, rose, and even white. Throughout this fiery field, Day had unfurled her flaming flags of war—waving defiance at the black brigades and dark divisions of Night, which hung far above, impatiently awaiting the signal to charge. Down below lay the jagged mountain battlements, ever seeking to drag Day down behind their peaked purple parapets.

Moments passed, and now Night loosed her legions and the Day's gleaming generals began to thrust long red rapiers into the enemy, and, with flashing flames, to fling scarlet sparks and shining spears up into the midst of the blue-grey hordes. But—undaunted by this scarlet shower, the invincible invaders pressed on—slowly the upper sky, which a little before had been the reddest of red, became orange, then a pink-rose colour, then white, and finally the few faint fringes of the Day's advance guard became blue—prisoners of the Night.

And now, past the first line defenses, the sable soldiers of the Night ran rapidly in compact columns to strike the sun itself. The fiery field of crimson conflict cooled—became grey, and only a few pink clouds remained where the wounded lay, dying. The mountains below, becoming black now, suddenly seemed to leap up and attack the sun with their summits' stoney spear-points. Day was retreating—but how gloriously!

Swiftly Night followed, and with bursting black batteries forced the sinking sun, its red life-blood ebbing fast, down behind the cold mountain barriers until only a final red streak remained in the heavens to mark the grave of the Day. The battle was finished—Night was triumphant—and Day was done!

RELEASE

By F. R. Atkinson

HIS SOUL was the seat of gloom, as on a dreary day when a ghostly pall shrouds the naked earth. His coarse, rusty face registered only the weight of impending doom as he lay squirming about on the ramshackled cot of his narrow cell. No hope, no faith—the inevitable end for No. 1008.

Hours had passed into days and still the wretch was unable to rid his mind of worry long enough to sleep. At times he was plunged into a profound daze, conscious only of vivid apparitions—an infant peace-

fully slumbering in the stillness of the night, his tender cheeks reflecting the rays of a declining moon—the bitter wails of a dying child bathed in his own blood.

"I, murderer!" he lisped faintly, reaching down for a tin cup of stale water to moisten his parched lips. After a moment of relief, he dropped the cup carelessly, splashing water over the fragments of worm-eaten bread and meat—a mass of stinking filth.

It was almost noon; in a few hours he would be carried to the death house, there to await the final conflict with the arch enemy, death. He felt the cold, clammy hand of death clinching his shoulders.

"Why should I cling to this vile thing called life—a dead soul in a dying body forever shut within these drab walls and iron bars to count the boards and watch the flies at play? Forgotten save by those who call my name in scorn. Lost save from the memory of that tragic crime. A burning hell without the flame and spark. The irony of it!"

He cast his face to the wall and closed his eyes.

"How can I die? A child's cry will send the imps of hell to chase my soul and torture it. Nor will my groan be heard amid the moans of living bones. It must not be; I cannot die!"

Torn thus by agony and confusion, he heard someone coming down the planks, the jangling of keys, and in a moment beheld the guard and chaplain, the latter with a wistful look, and calm.

"The hour has come. I must prepare the way for the soul to pass into eternity. You have been thinking of it?" asked the clergyman.

"What is it to think? I have long lost the power to think; now it is but to feel. If only as I feel my way up to the brink some guiding hand would lift me into light!" The wretch raised his face and peered into the eyes of the clergyman, trying to find some note of joy, peace, or hope.

They left the cell, passed now down a narrow, iron aisle, coming at last into a big, barren room, walled with cement, and with only one small window, which now failed to give light. The sun had gone, and from the cold gray sky shone a lone star.

He uttered a wail, as of a wolf lost in a snowstorm. The cry returned from the four corners of the room and rang in his ears.

The clergyman knelt beside him and droned forth a prayer, "Oh, Lord, I do commend this spirit to Thee, one who has sinned in Thy sight and is condemned to die at the hands of man. But he is ready to turn to Thee. Thy Son—"

He was interrupted. The criminal, weary from the long hours of waiting, and now these meaningless words, collapsed. The deathly pale chaplain, gripped in silence, waited for a moment, then stole from the room.

It was a peaceful slumber that stirred the murderer's soul as a soft, warm shower that falls upon the earth and brings forth life. He slept, forgetful of the wicked world about him. Hours passed.

An angel playing on a harp of gold made music in his ears, unloosed the shackles of his soul, bathed him in warmth and light. The smiling face of the murdered child. A guiding hand led him across the brink and on to paradise.

The gray, dim dawn spread light about the room. A chaplain stirred on the outside, yet lingered near the door and muttered to himself, "Poor soul, that cannot comprehend the words of prayer, the idea of God, but

sleeps the sleep of death, forgetful of the past, unafraid of the future! Could I but cleanse this soul of sin! Oh, what can I do, where can I turn!"

And while he waited thus in doubt and let the minutes pass a rising sun beamed on the prisoner's face. He rose, stretched every nerve, looked to the dawn, and smiled while the chaplain crept into the room, with Bible under arm.

"The hour has come," he said. "Is there something I could do?"

The prisoner did not turn, but calmly smiled and said, "Bring on this death; I am ready now!"

◆ ◆ ◆

MADGE CHRISTI

By Lewie Hunter

CHARACTERS

Madge Christi—A girl between seventeen and twenty, attractive and modern in every respect. She posesses the subtle charm of personality and friendship. The type of person one expects to be impatient and conscientious.

John Christi—The father of Madge. A man between forty and fifty. Around him is his generation. Every feature of his face screams out the ancient doctrines and proprieties of the age he was young in. Time has made him stubborn, and rejective of all things modern.

Anna Christi—The mother of Madge. She is frail and subjective. Her face is kind, and tenderness of devotion and love are expressed in it.

SETTING:

The living room of the Christi home. A large, spacious room, lighted dimly. To the back are large double windows, and the front door of the house to the left of them. The furniture is the overstuffed type. In the right wing is a large fireplace, before which is a morris chair. Back of the fireplace is a door, which leads to the room of John Christi.

In the left wing, front, is a piano, behind which is another door. The remainder of the furnishings can be according to accessibility. A picture of Madge is desirable over the fireplace.

Scene I.—(*As the curtain rises, John Christi is sitting in the morris chair reading; his wife is sitting near him, sewing. After reading a moment, he closes the book. He then takes out his watch and looks at it; then turns and faces his wife.*)

John—Where is Madge?

Anna (*laying aside her sewing*)—No, she hasn't been home today. She left this morning with some friends of hers. (*She pauses.*) But there is no need for us to wait up for her. She has my latch-key.

John (*gruffly*)—Hump! She is always out with those indifferent friends of hers. They have no respect for time, nor their parents.

Anna—John! You're so old-fashioned, and so forgetful. Remember, we were young once—and only once. Let youth enjoy its age. Soon enough it shall have to sit aside and stare at facts—and uphold the traditions humanity has listed for life. The only time we—

John (*bristling up*)—That's the trouble with her now! She can always depend upon you to shield her. She has absolutely no regard for the importance of life. Nothing means anything to her. For instance, take the family name of Christi—for years a standard of the older and better generation. There's nothing in a name today to them, but there is—yes—there is. (*He sighs and gazes into the fire. After a moment, footsteps are heard dragging outside. The door opens slowly and Madge enters slowly. She has been crying, but quickly attempts to hide it upon seeing her parents. She walks over and sits beside her mother. A blank stare covers her face. Her father watches her come in and sit down.*)

John (*angrily*)—Did you finally decide to come home? Couldn't you find anything else to do or anywhere else to go? (*He pauses, then continues*): Home doesn't seem to mean anything to you—it's merely a place to sleep. In my day it was a home—a place for love—a place of security—a place—

(*Madge takes her gaze from her father while he is talking; then interrupts him by throwing herself upon her mother and bursting out crying. Both her parents stare confusedly at her. Her mother takes her chin tenderly into her hand and puts her arm around her.*)

Anna (*sympathetically*)—Come, come, my child! What is the matter? Don't you feel well?

(*Madge continues to sob.*)

John (*staring*)—Don't be a fool! You aren't a child. You don't cry—those days are over. (*Madge continues to sob.*) What's the matter? (*Cynically.*) Has someone destroyed your doll house?

(*Madge collects herself, then whispers convulsively.*)

Madge—He's dead! She shot him—and then—then I

held his head and he kissed my hand. (*She breaks down and sobs again.*)

JOHN (*angrily*)—Who shot who? For God's sake, child, be definite!

MADGE (*staring upward*)—My Billie—my poor little Billie—he's dead—his wife shot him!

JOHN—Good God! You—! (*He begins to get angry.*) You deserve it! Damn you, you deserve it! You wouldn't listen to me! All my life I've spent trying to train you to be righteous. You didn't listen—you deserve to suffer!

ANNA—John! Hush! Can't you see the child is hysterical? Have you no sympathy? Are you all stone?

JOHN (*laughing wildly*)—I hope to God every hour you live will be a torment—every moment a reminder of your sins!

(*Madge runs out the door in left wing, crying wildly, a terrifying stare upon her face.*)

ANNA (*harshly*)—You'll regret this some day. (*She gets up and starts out after Madge.*) You'll—(*A shot is heard, followed by a scream. Anna stops, looking wildly at John. She bites out her words.*) You'll pay for this! All my life I'll never forgive you!

END OF SCENE I.

(*Curtain drops, indicating passing of time.*)

SCENE II.—(*Three months later.*) (*As the curtain rises, John is seated in the morris chair, staring into the fire. Age and torment show in his face. After staring ahead for a moment, he stands before the fireplace and gazes at the picture of Madge. He gazes at it for a moment.*)

JOHN (*with a pleading voice*)—Forgive me! May God have pity upon me! I'm the poorest father upon earth! I destroyed you—you, my own flesh and blood. (*He pauses.*) Your suffering is now my suffering—your sorrow mine. I didn't understand. (*He falls heavily back into the morris chair, and begins nodding his head back and forth.*) We men are funny things—always thinking about our duty to God—sweating and whining—weeping through the darkness of night for our sins—always respectable and—and dissatisfied—I wonder where we find these things! We forget our children. (*He pauses, then looks up at the picture.*) Please forgive me, won't you? Your mother—she won't forgive me either—she won't speak to me—she is so frail—her heart is growing weaker—can't you make her forgive me?

(*The voice of a child is heard outside. John jumps up and runs out the front door. After a minute, Anna comes in the door in the left wing, walks over and sits down at center stage. She has grown frailer and more sickly. She looks at the picture.*)

ANNA (*softly*)—Madge! (*After staring for a few moments at the picture, an expression of pain comes over her face. She clutches her breast convulsively and speaks slowly.*) Madge—my dear Madge—come help me—I'm coming to join you—we'll be so happy—just we two—we'll— (*Her head falls back and her hands drop to her side.*)

(*John comes back in the front door slowly, glancing timidly at Anna and passing by her, and goes to the fireplace. He stands looking into the fire, then turns and looks pitifully and beaten at Anna.*)

JOHN—Anna—you haven't forgiven me yet? Please try to! I know I was responsible for Madge's death—but, God! I have paid enough for it! I am ashamed—ashamed to raise my head on the streets—ashamed before God! Please forgive me. (*He rushes over and falls upon his knees before Anna and takes her hand.*) I beg you! (*He stops abruptly, and picks up her hand hysterically. He shakes her, stands up and picks up her hands. They slip from his hands and fall slovenly to her side. He backs away slowly and drops in the morris chair. His hands hang at his side, and he stares ahead.*)

JOHN (*slowly*)—First Madge—now you! (*He rocks back and forth. The stare on his face gradually changes to a simple-minded grin. He begins tearing his hair. His face is distorted. He stands up and begins to laugh hysterically. Just before the curtain drops slowly he falls upon his hands and knees and begins crawling upon the floor, an insane stare upon his face.*)

THE END

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

GLIMPSES OF PHILOSOPHY

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

IN the 500 years from the birth of Socrates to the death of Christ, five great principles of philosophy arose: the Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, genial but selfish; the Stoic law of self control, strenuous but ascetic; the Platonic plan of subordination, sublime but impractical; the Aristotelian sense of proportion, practical but uninspiring; and the Christian spirit of Love, the broadest and deepest of them all.

What pictures the name Socrates brings forth. Can you see the old man sitting among his pupils? A worthless, lazy, talkative reprobate, according to his wife, Xanthippe. But can we believe her? The three worst wives of history are: Jezebel, wife of Ahab; Xanthippe, wife of Socrates, and Mary, wife of John Wesley. Socrates once told an acquaintance (very confidentially) that the reason he married Madame Xanthippe was that he knew if he could get along with her he could live in harmony with the rest of the world. History doesn't record what happened when his wife learned of this. But this is certain, the Greeks had no clocks, but if there ever was a man whose face would stop a clock, Socrates was that man. The ugliest man in Athens, and at 70 years of age, the best loved and best hated one also.

All of you know the occasion of his death. His enemies gained control of the political power, and decreed that he drink the hemlock. It is a beautiful scene. We can say with the poet, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Plato describes the scene in prose more beautiful than poetry.

After the death of Socrates, several schools of philosophy sprang up. Let us look at some of the most important of these.

First, Epicureanism. Of all the schools of philosophy, the one of Epicurus has been most maligned. Epicurus stated that the goal of all action was to be free from pain and fear, that pleasure was life's aim—not debauchery, but the deeper, more abiding pleasures of wholesome life. "Pleasure," says Epicurus, "is sense controlled by reason for the fuller satisfaction of sensuous ends." Therefore, you may perceive that Epicureanism has been basely distorted by the majority of its so-called disciples. "Prudence," says Epicurus, "is a more precious thing even than philosophy, for from it grow all the virtues."

His outlook on death is of peculiar appeal, for you must remember that he had foresworn the gods and the hereafter. "He who is least in need of the morrow will meet the morrow most pleasantly. Accustom thyself in the belief that death is nothing to us, for good and evil are only where they are felt, and death is the absense of all feeling."

But the fundamental defect of Epicureanism is in its false definition of personality. According to Epicurus, a person is a mere bundle of appetites and passions, and the social factor is left out of the equation also. Suppose every man lived as Epicurus, for his own selfish ends. What a chaos! Had you rather be a human being dissatisfied, or a pig satisfied?

Let us look to Stoicism for a way to live.

The quickest way to understand Stoicism is by the psychological law of apperception. The mind is an active process, and the meaning and value of any outside sensation is determined by the reaction upon it of the ideas and concepts within the mind. Stoicism works this doctrine for all it is worth, and Christian Science and kindred sects are perhaps working it for more than it is worth.

As an example of the outside stimulus, take riches. The same amount of money will produce a variety of results on personalities. $100,000 will make one man proud, another lazy, one hard-hearted, another avaricious, still another a spendthrift. Hence, whether an external fact be good or bad depends entirely upon how it affects the mind. And that, says the Stoic, is under our control.

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"All is mental," says the Christian Scientist with the toothache. "There is no matter there to ache." The Stoic, truer to fact, says, "There is matter, but it doesn't matter if there is." If an ache gives rise to such an equanimity of mind, then the whole state of toothache is positively good.

As an example of the Stoics, we choose Epictetus, the crippled slave. Do you know how he became crippled? His master was amusing himself, while drunk, by twisting the foot of the slave. Epictetus remarked, "If you twist any farther, you will break the bone." But the man continued, and the bone broke. "I told you so," remarked Epictetus calmly.

The Stoic held his faith by belief in a universal law. Whatever happens may be unfortunate for the individual, but the universal law is good. A man falls, breaks his leg, and is lame for life. The law of gravitation was bad for the man; let us hope that it continues to function. So the Stoic said the Universal Law held a solution for everything, and that all was good.

These two principles, indifference of external circumstances as compared with our own mental reaction to them; and the sanctification of thought by surrender to universal law constitute Stoicism.

But something is lacking in this philosophy—this freezing together of people through their common relation to the universal law. There are no warm, tender ties of affection in Stoicism. And that is probably why, though college girls flirt occasionally with the melancholy of Mathew Arnold, no woman has ever been a consistent Stoic. Stoicism is confined to unmarried or badly married men entirely.

Let us pass to Plato. He attacks something which neither of the other two touched. Epicurus tells how to gain pleasure, Stoicism how to bear pain. But life is more complex than that.

Virtue, says Plato, is the supreme good. And everything that furthers it, pleasure or pain, is good; everything that hinders it, bad. Virtue is perfection, and every element is subordinated to the attainment of this perfection.

Plato takes up the question of politics, and his plan to bring about the perfect state. He wished a complete aristocracy—an aristocracy of education, however, for he would send his rulers to school for fifty years. By that time they should have attained the three cardinal virtues—temperance, fortitude, and wisdom. These rulers were to have no property, no wives, no children, nothing that they could call their own. Then there could be no desire for personal gain or public glory. Everything and nothing was theirs.

Now we have three principles: to get the maximum pleasure out of life; to keep the universal law; and to subordinate lower impulses to higher. All of these are easy to grasp. But life is still more complex than that.

Aristotle brings the complaint that in these three the social nature of man has been left out, and lays down as his fundamental principle that the only place where either badness or wrong or vice can exist is in the relation in which these external things stand to the particular end which the man is trying to promote.

Aristotle will defy you to bring to him any single example or problem which is inherently evil. Conditions will determine good and evil. No man can live unto himself. Every man has his niche in society, says Aristotle.

Therefore, right and wrong are determined by the end, using the word end in its largest social sense. Every man has his place in the furtherance of the end, and every act is a question of the goal toward which one aims, and the sense of balance or proportion with which he chooses his means.

But we must leave this greatest of the Greek philosophers. What is lacking in his theory? As a philosophy it is well-nigh perfect, but we want something to live by.

Christianity remains. It is not a philosophy, but a religion. Not a doctrine, but life itself.

These other men were not heathen. Their principles are not excluded from Christianity. Socrates was a much better Christian than many of us. What is it that Christ brought that the others did not?

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One sentence contains the whole, "Now there abideth faith, hope, and love, but the greatest of these is love."

Faith—Trust in the infinite goodness and wisdom of God.

Hope—Confidence in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and the belief of a better world to come.

Love—To love a Father with all one's soul, heart, and mind, and love one's neighbor as one's self.

These three are new, startling, sensational, and no other philosopher dared or could speak them.

The time is ripe for a Christianity which shall have room for all the innocent pleasures which Epicurus taught us to prize aright, yet shall have the Stoic strength of endurance; which shall purge the heart of pride and pretence by questions as searching as those of Plato, and at the same time shall hold life accountable for its usefulness as the Aristotelian doctrines require. Then shall we have a truly catholic Christianity.

◆ ◆ ◆

REMINISCENCE

By J. R. Cross

THIS was my first trip back to the low-country since my father's death, when I was five. I had studied in the east, and had lived in New York for the past two years. Now I had come to South Carolina to settle up my father's estate.

A mere acquaintance—a New Yorker living in Aiken—was coming the next day to buy "Moss Grove," the old plantation. As I had nothing else to do, I walked down that avenue of live-oaks, through a grove of virgin pines, and on to a rickety rail fence. Those trees certainly were old and moss-covered.

While leaning on the fence, I saw an old darkey coming from what remained of the negro quarters. The old man saw me just as he came up, scraped his foot politely, and began:

"You know, young Mosser, I rememers de ol' mosser as if it wus yestidy. He war a dashin' young man, suh. Yes, suh, he wus. He wus dat frum his birfday. When de war wus, he and I wus lettle fellers, suh. De ol' Mosser—yo' gran' pa—went off to de war. He tole your pa, who wus 5 year old, ter tek ker ob de 'omen folks—an' dat he did, suh. When de Yankees wus a-comin' through here, dem ob we niggers dat warn't to de war buried de silver an' yo' gran'ma's rings. An' my pa tuck de cattle an' hid em down in Four Hole Swamp.

"But to git back to yo' pa. He an' I wus a playin' under dem ol' oak trees over dere one day. Whut yo' spose we sees a-comin' down de road? It wus de Yankees, suh. I wus skaired, I wus; so I runs an' hides 'hind one o' dem high pillars under de house. But yo' pa, son, Marse John, he runs in de house an' grabs de sword what yo' great-great-grandpa fought wid in de Rev'lution. He tuk dat sword an' stood on de front steps to protec' his 'omen folks. Jes' 'bout dat time one o' dem Yankee fellows comes up to de steps, an' I ducked under de house t' hide. When I peeked out agin, suh, dey wus a gwine off wid Marse John on de horse wid 'em. I runs 'round to de back an' tells de ole missus. She neber said nuttin', suh; but she looked lak she wus daid. An' I promise de Lawd dat if we eber git Marse John back agin, I'd neber leabe him, suh.

"De niggers ain't like white folks, suh. De missus went in de house an' prayed to Gawd; but de niggers, dey shout, an' weep, an' moan; an' ole Aunt Laura made a 'conjurer ball' ter mek dat Yankee bring Marse John back. But bein' raise up wid Marse John, I'se part white folks, an' dem nigger doin's ain't suit me; so I goes an' hides in one dem der ole oaks. While I wus settin' der in de fork ob dat one, I seed dat Yankee fellow comin' back wid Marse John. I didn't know whut t' do, so I sets der an' waits till dey come

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by. An' wut yo' reckin dey wus a' doin'? Marse John wus a-tellin' him 'bout Brer Rabbit an' de Tar Baby. An' he wus a-laughin' fit to bust his sides. A little on down de road he sets Marse John down an' goes on off. Dey nebber teched a thing o' Marse John's; but dey burn down de big house ober on Cedar Grove.

"An' yo' know I nebber left' Marse John no mo'. An' when he died I tuk ker ob de place while you an' yo' ma wus tradin' 'roun'. An' now I'se gwine to turn de bossin' ober t' you, suh."

You know, I felt sort of funny, looking at that old man. And I said, "No, Daddy Peter, you can still take care of the place, and me too. But I want you to take this down to Mr. Jones at the railroad station." And I wrote this note: "Mr. J. B. Sanderson, Aiken, S. C.: Sale off. Signed, J. R. C."

◆ ◆ ◆

BOOK REVIEW

END OF THE CHAPTER—JOHN GALSWORTHY

GALSWORTHY, in this typical trilogy of his, depicts the life of a cultured English family, who, in spite of the loss of their money, still retain their high place in London society.

"End of the Chapter" is made up of "Maid in Waiting," "Flowerine Wilderness," and "One More River." The main character in all three books is Dinny Cherrell, who has the usual "cornflower blue" eyes and "slightly tipped" nose.

"Maid in Waiting" is mainly concerned with Dinny's brother, Hubert. He finds himself knee-deep in trouble resulting from a Bolivian expedition he had been on.

In "Flowering Wilderness," Dinny falls in love with Wilfred Desert, whom we knew as Fleur Mont's lover in "The White Monkey." We learn that he had been forced to denounce God when he was captured by a tribe of fanatical Arabs in the East. When this fact becomes known in England, naturally, he is disgraced. Although he loves Dinny very much, he leaves England to save her from disgrace also. At the end of part two, we leave Dinny broken-hearted and feeling as if life were not worth going on with without Wilfred. It seems to the reader that the situation is hopeless, but Galsworthy in his usual manner weaves the plot into a more fascinating and intricate pattern.

In the final book, Dinny's sister, Clare, plays an important part in a sensational divorce suit. Dinny falls in love again, but this time with a steady, practical-minded lawyer. In the conclusion, they marry.

This last book of Galsworthy's may be compared to "Forsyte Saga." Many characters are the same in the two books, but this point makes "End of the Chapter" more interesting, provided the reader has read "Forsyte Saga." "End of the Chapter" lacks the greatness of this other book, perhaps because there is no Soames Forsyte in it.

—*Reviewed by* GEORGE KING.

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FILCHED

FATHER—"Isn't that young man rather fast?"
DAUGHTER—"Yes, but I don't think he'll get away."

◈ ◈ ◈

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"
SENATOR (*indignantly*)—"Sir, I am a member of Congress!"
C. G.—"That's all right. I'll trust you."

◈ ◈ ◈

FAIR YOUNG THING (*to a friend*)—"And not only has Jack broken my heart and wrecked my whole life, but he has spoiled my entire evening."

◈ ◈ ◈

All the things I like most to do are either immoral, illegal, or fattening.

◈ ◈ ◈

BETTY (*who has been served with a wing of chicken*)—"Mother, can't I have another piece? This is nothing but hinges."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Try this pill at bedtime," said the doctor. "If you can keep it on your stomach it should cure you."

Meeting the patient several days after, the doctor asked, "Did you manage to keep the pill on your stomach?"

"I did when I was awake," said the patient, "but when I fell asleep it rolled off."

◈ ◈ ◈

TEACHER (*to Johnnie*)—"Why isn't this sentence correct: 'I have went?' "
JOHNNIE—" 'Cause you're still here."

◈ ◈ ◈

SMARTY—"What time does the five-forty-five train leave for New York?"
TICKET AGENT—"At a quarter to six."

◈ ◈ ◈

BOY—"If you don't say something, I'm going to kiss you."
GIRL—"Well, do I have to remain silent all night?"

DEAR OLD LADY (*at end of her first street-car ride*)—"Which end do I get off, conductor?"
CONDUCTOR—"It doesn't matter, lady; both ends have stopped."

◈ ◈ ◈

B. ALLEN—"A girl never made a fool out of me."
ED MASON—"Who was it then?"

◈ ◈ ◈

LADY (*in Elite*)—"I'll have a Coca-Cola without any lemon."
SODA-JERKER — "I'm sorry, lady, we're out of lemon. You'll have to drink it without orange."

◈ ◈ ◈

Place your arms around her waist,
Hold her close with fond embrace,
Put lips to lips and gum to gum,
Then close your mouth and yum, yum, yum.

◈ ◈ ◈

"What's your name?"
"M-M-M-M-M-M-Mable."
"I'll call you Mable for short."

◈ ◈ ◈

"When this depression is over the rich will be richer and the poor will be poorer."

"Yes, and I suppose those that are neither will be neitherer."

◈ ◈ ◈

TEACHER—"Correct this sentence: 'Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire brigade.' "
JOHNNIE—"The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the voluntary fire brigade."

◈ ◈ ◈

What this country needs is to settle up and settle down.

◈ ◈ ◈

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◈ ◈ ◈

Statistics show that the average American family pays the doctor $75 per year. This will be real news to the doctor.

◈ ◈ ◈

If the next war is to be fought by radio, imagine listening to a shell-by-shell description!

◈ ◈ ◈

STUDENT A (*trying to be funny upon entering classroom*)—"Gentlemen, be seated!"

PROFESSOR—"Mr. A, you may be seated also!"

◈ ◈ ◈

"I heard Dr. Windbag's lecture last night."

"What did he talk about?"

"About an hour and a half."

◈ ◈ ◈

FARMER BROWN (*to hired negro*)—"Hello, Rastus, how's your hogs?"

RASTUS—"Dey's all right. How's yo' folks?"

◈ ◈ ◈

CO-ED—"I want to try some truly kissproof lipstick."

CLERK—"Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury!"

◈ ◈ ◈

RASTUS — "Brother President, we needs a cuspidor."

PRESIDENT OF EIGHT BALL CLUB—"All right, I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

◈ ◈ ◈

PROFESSOR (*to class*)—"There's a young man in this class who is making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start."

◈ ◈ ◈

VOICE ON 'PHONE—"John Smith is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you."

PROF.—"All right. Who is this speaking?"

VOICE—"This is my roommate!"

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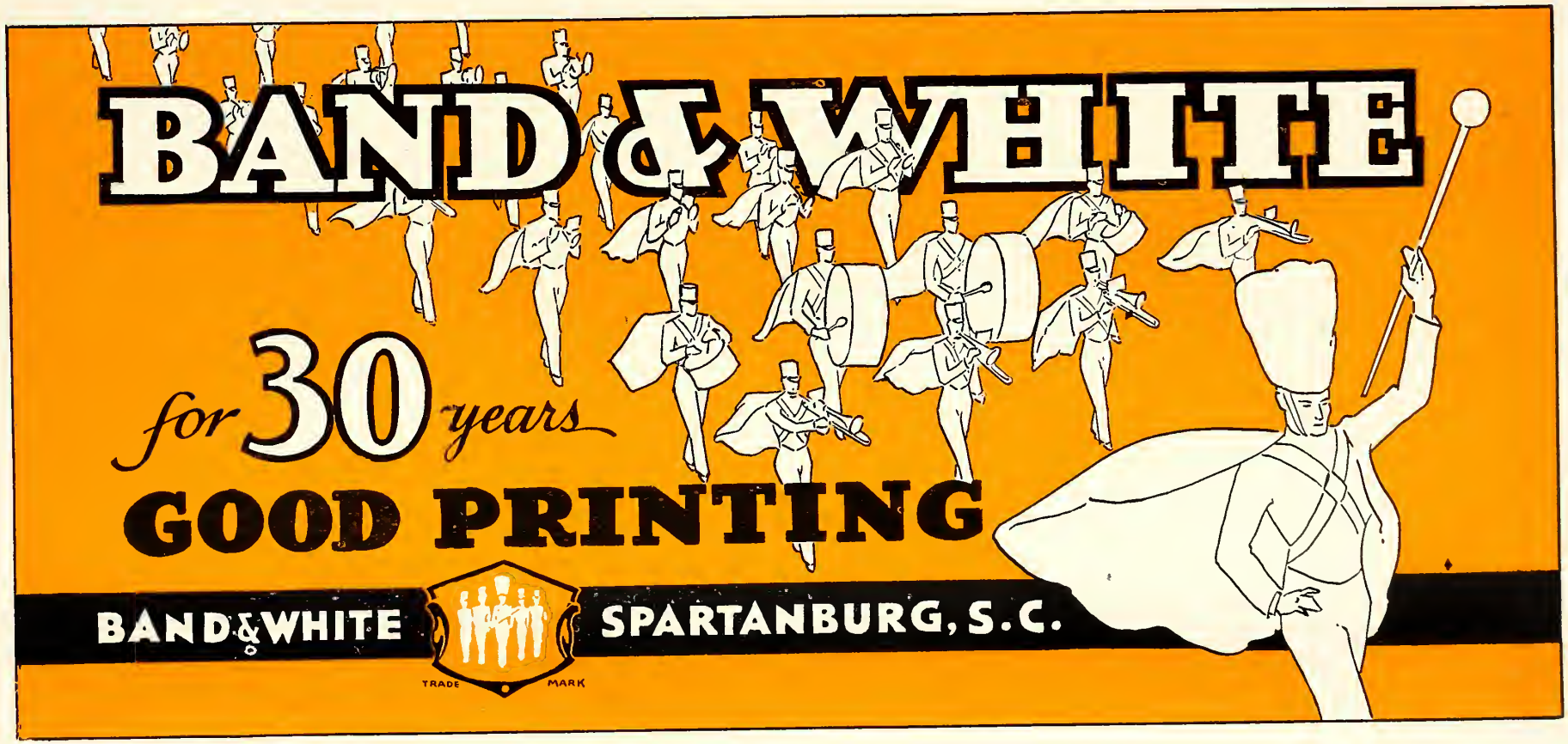
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Wofford College

April Issue

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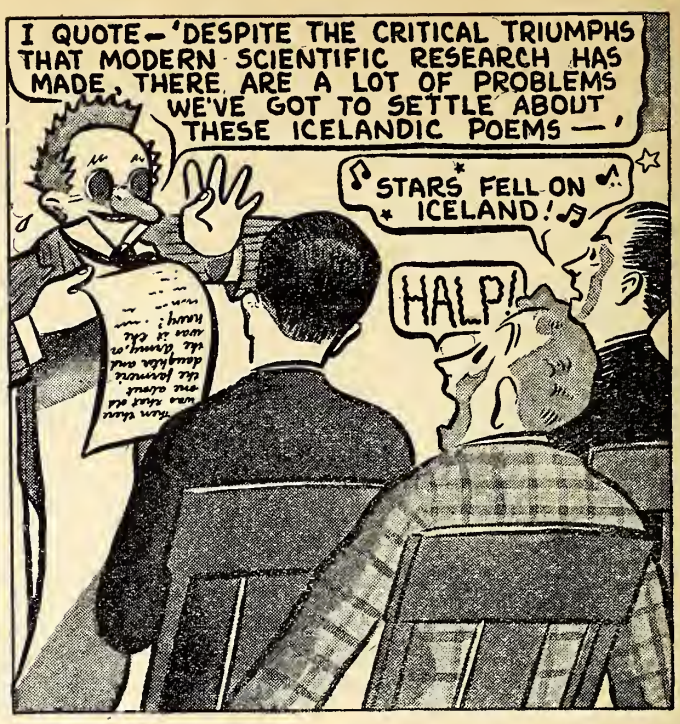

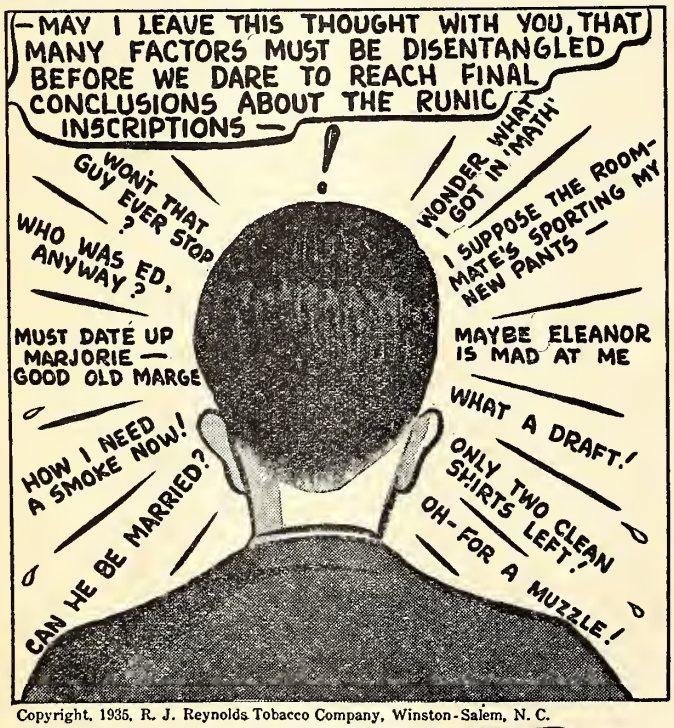

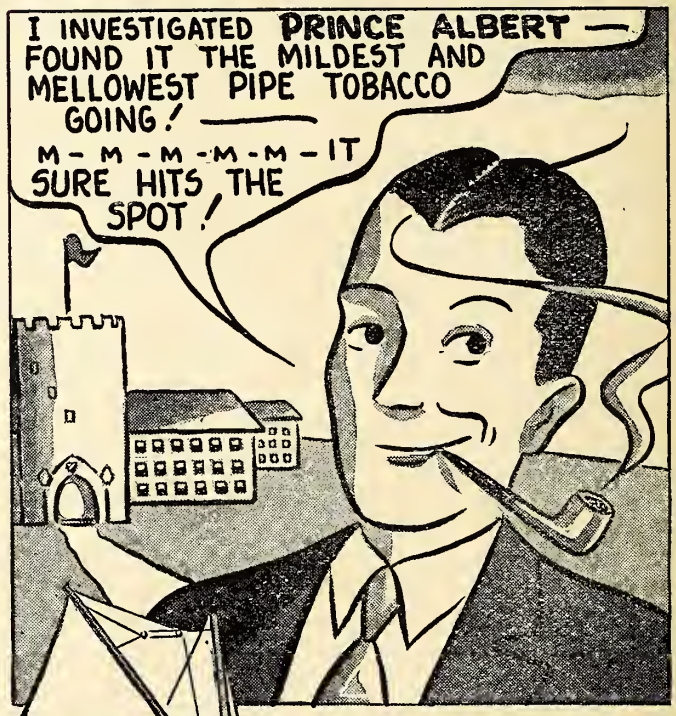

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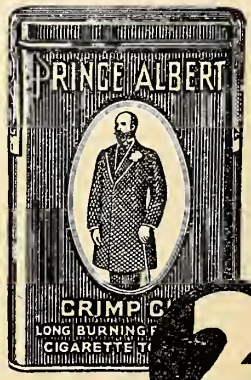

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Querulous

By L. M. Cecil, Jr.

Pricetag friendship? Say, I cannot.
What is loving? I don't know:
Once I saw a widowed robin
Singing in the myrtle row —
Green the myrtle — red the robin —
Sad the singing — sad and low.

Live forever? No, I cannot.
What is dying? I don't know:
Say, I had the strangest feeling
In a graveyard long ago—
Fresh the green mounds in the graveyard —
Fresh as violets in the snow.

Paint God's picture? Ah, I cannot.
Where is heaven? I don't know:
Say, I saw an Easter lily
Blooming where soft breezes blow,
And—I thought I saw the Christ Child,—
Just a fantasy, you know.

The Development of Absolutism in France in the Seventeenth Century

By A. M. Leatherwood

LOUIS XIV, king of France from 1643 to 1715, is one of the greatest representatives of monarchical absolutism in the history of the world. Louis was only five years old in 1643, and did not assume control of the government until 1661, when his great minister, Mazarin, died. But from 1661 on, Louis was complete master of France, and France was the leading power in Europe until near the close of the seventeenth century.

The process of developing the absolute and irresponsible authority of the king was chiefly the work of three great men: Henry IV, king of France from 1589 to 1610; Richelieu, first minister in the government of France from 1624 to 1642; Mazarin, first minister from 1642 to 1661. These three men all had the same great policy: (1) to make the power of the king absolute in France, and (2) to raise France to the first rank among the nations of Europe.

When Henry III, the last of the Valois kings, died in 1589 without a son, Henry of Bourbon, king of Navarre, was the legitimate successor to the crown. But he was only distantly related to the dead king, their first common ancestor being St. Louis, who died in 1270; then there were other aspirants to the crown, chief among them being Henry's uncle, who set himself up as Charles X. Worst of all, Henry was a Huguenot, and France could scarcely tolerate the Huguenots, much less have one of the hated heretics for her king.

For five years France was in a state of internal turmoil, and it was not until Henry renounced the Protestant faith in 1593 that he secured control of the government. Now that they saw Henry firmly seated on the throne, the nobles who had opposed him and fought against him speedily submitted, and Henry generously pardoned them. The Bourbon dynasty, which was to run for two hundred years, had begun.

It was a double task that confronted Henry in 1593. The royal authority, for one thing, must again be established, and the centralization of the state renewed. Secondly, order must be restored, and France once more directed into the way of prosperity and economic renewal.

Henry forced the small nobles to submit, and bribed those who were too powerful to be personally punished to surrender the powers they had illegally seized. The nobility showed itself in many ways sullen and discontented as long as Henry reigned; it was ready to take part in conspiracies against the king; the nobles were anxious to reassert their old feudal independence; but it ruled no more. They fell back into comparative political insignificance.

Another important step that Henry took was in refusing to call together the Estates General after the kingdom was well under his control. Instead, he called an assembly of notables to vote revenues for him. But they began to show a spirit of reaction and their political life was short.

When Henry IV took over the reins of the government, the finances were in a distressing condition. The collection of taxes was farmed out, and those who got the contracts received more of the money, by theft, than did the government. Thus a large national debt had accumulated. One of Henry's wisest moves was his appointment of the Duke of Sully as minister of finance. Sully was honest, and, under his expert management, the deficit was wiped out and a great treasure amassed for the state. Sully dispensed with the corrupt system of farming out the taxes, and directed all revenues into the treasury; thus he was able to reduce taxes, and yet get far more for the state than formerly.

One of the outstanding achievements of Henry IV was the promulgation in 1598 of the Edict of Nantes. This edict gave to the Protestants rights of worship in certain towns, and the right to hold office in the judicature and finance. The Edict of Nantes demonstrates that Henry IV had control of the government. France was Catholic, and it had only been a quarter of a century since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

When Henry IV died in 1610, struck down by the assassin, Ravaillac, France was again enjoying prosperity. But Henry's heir, Louis XIII, was only nine years old in 1610, and during the regency of his mother, Mary dé Medici, the nobles reasserted much of their former authority. Factions in the state haggled with each other for control with the result of a lack of efficient government.

The queen-mother appointed Concini first minister in the state. Concini resorted to the practice of enriching the nobles with gifts from the royal treasury in order to forestall attacks on the government. When the treasury was exhausted, the government was deprived of its chief means of defense, and the nobles began to rebel. To the demands of the nobles, the queen promised to convoke the Estates General. But when this body had convened in 1614, the queen adopted the policy of playing off one party against another, so

that when the Estates General was dissolved, nothing had been accomplished. This is the last meeting of the Estates General until 1789, when it overturned the government.

The queen had made arrangements that Louis XIII should marry Anne of Austria, a daughter of the king of Spain. To prevent this bond with Spain, certain of the nobles now flared into open revolt, with the Prince of Condé as the leader. Condé was arrested, and armies were sent against the other revolting nobles, many of whom fled from France.

But just when Concini thought he had reached the peak of power, he was assassinated; a short time afterward his wife was executed. He was succeeded by De Luynes, a favorite of Louis XIII. De Luynes was an unscrupulous plunderer, a man not at all interested in the progress of France. He followed the policy of Concini, and France continued her decline under his administration. De Luynes was in turn carried off by fever, and a short time later, the man of the hour, the man who was to mold the destiny of France, comes to the front, and in 1624 is made first minister in the government. This man was Cardinal Richelieu.

Richelieu's influence had long been felt in the government. He had been a member of the Estates General of 1614, and since that time had been in the service of the queen-mother. It was Mary dé Medici's influence that made Richeleu first minister. But shortly after taking his high office Richelieu abandoned his allegiance to the queen and began the policy of (1) the destruction of the power of the Huguenot party, (2) lowering the pride of the nobles, (3) building up the power of the king in France, and (4) raising France to the supreme position among the powers of Europe.

Richelieu had been in office less than a year before he was master of the whole situation. He had overruled the ministry, turned out a new favorite, conquered Louis XIII by the ascendancy of a superior genius, and mapped out the policy which was to render illustrious a reign so gloomily begun.

Richelieu encountered his first opposition from the Huguenots who were instigated to revolt by Spain. The rebellion was quelled in 1626. Richelieu decided to continue his fight against them. The destruction of the Protestants was accomplished by the siege of La Rochelle, a Huguenot stronghold which fell in 1629. By the Edict of Alais, the Protestants ceased to be a policital party, but retained the rights of liberty of worship and enjoyment of civil equality.

The suppression of the independence of the feudal aristocracy was begun in 1626 by an edict calling for the destruction of all fortified castles not needed for defense against invasion; local authorities carried out the order.

But the nobles were not to be so quickly deprived of their power. In the same year a conspiracy, hatched by Gaston of Orleans, who was a brother to the king, and some of his young noble friends, was exposed; the plan was to assassinate Richelieu, depose Louis XIII, and place Gaston on the throne. The conspirators were all executed or severely punished with the exception of Gaston, who obtained a pardon only because he was the king's brother.

In 1627, Richelieu almost put a stop to dueling. Two counts were executed for fighting a duel; this time the encounter was in good faith; but it was not always so, and many so-called duels were only assassinations. From 1627 to 1643 dueling practically disappeared from France. After Richelieu's death dueling again became common.

In 1630, Richelieu's position received its severest test. The queen-mother had extracted from the king a promise to dismiss Richelieu. She and her noble friends were already congratulating themselves on their overthrow of the terrible cardinal. But when Richelieu heard of the intrigue against him, he secured a secret interview with the king; he emerged more firmly entrenched in his position than ever. The queen-mother was banished to Compiègne. The two brothers Marillac, who held high court positions, were implicated in the plot; one died in prison; the other was accused of bribery and executed. This day on which Richelieu so adroitly turned the tables on his enemies is known in history as "the Day of Dupes."

Another conspiracy occurred in 1632, the king's brother, Gaston, again being the center of it. Gaston deluded the Duke of Montmorency with promises and induced him to join in a revolt against the government. At the first attack, Gaston grew faint-hearted and fled. The Duke of Montmorency was captured and condemned; in spite of the supplication of all the nobility, he was executed. Richelieu had now sent to the block one of the first nobles of France.

There is only one other important plot against Richelieu, that of Cinq-Mars in 1642. Cinq-Mars was a young favorite of the king; he thought he might be able, with the support of the nobility, to overthrow the government. But he made a fatal step in a treaty with the Spaniards; Richelieu procured a copy of the treaty and sent it to the king. Cinq-Mars was condemned and later beheaded.

So Richelieu relentlessly punished with removal from office, exile, imprisonment, and death the slightest evidence of opposition. The Parlement was expressly forbidden to make any remonstrances against edicts concerning the government and administration of the state. He would have no Estates General, and consented only to occasional assemblies of notables, who had less of the spirit of independence than the former.

One of Richelieu's hardest blows against the power of the nobles was the institution of intendants. Under the last Valois kings, the governors, all of the nobility,

had made themselves almost independent in their provinces. Henry IV had been obliged to purchase the obedience of some of them. Richelieu instituted superior officers of justice, of police, and of finance, called intendants, who, chosen by the king from the non-noble classes, without personal influence, were at the disposal of the minister. These officers, who were mere agents of the central power, exercised a jealous control over the nobles, parliaments, cities, and provincial states; little by little they concentrated in their own hands all the civil power. Royalty gained by this institution, and national unity was strengthened by it.

In finances, Richelieu returned to the unfortunate methods which Sully had discarded. He increased taxes, which was inevitable in consideration of the great schemes which he undertook, but he managed them badly. The annual deficit became larger and larger; the treasury was in great straits, and the people everywhere were terribly oppressed. Disturbances broke out in Paris and in the provinces; but the troops harshly repressed these revolts, and the people in the country districts were only too well accustomed to financial disorder and poverty.

The magnitude of Richelieu's achievement grows when one considers his relations with the king. Louis XIII cordially disliked him, and would gladly have got rid of him if Richelieu had not been able to convince him of the wisdom in everything he did. The king's consciousness of his weakness was combined with a sense of duty, and it was upon these two that Richelieu played. Spies in every court of Europe and in every salon in Paris kept the minister informed of every change in his master's disposition and every intrigue against himself. He succeeded in exiling or inducing to enter another business all those who criticized him to the king.

His own personality was his strongest ally; the king himself quailed before that stern, august presence. Although pale and sickly, his stately carriage and confident bearing gave him the air of a prince. His ambition loved the outward trappings of power as well as its reality, but he never swerved from his policy to win approbation. A clear conscience, not less than a sense of his own superiority to others at the court, made the cardinal assert his ascendancy, and the king shared his belief in both.

Richelieu died in December, 1642; Mazarin, his lieutenant, who was appointed to succeed him, continued his polity. When Louis XIII died in 1643, the queen, Anne of Austria, became regent for Louis XIV, who was only five years old. To everybody's astonishment, Anne retained Mazarin as first minister.

Mazarin, although continuing Richelieu's policy, went about it in a very different way. He was cunning, supple, calculating, deceitful, possessed of great ambition, and of a rare insight into the character of men.

Immediately after Louis XIII's death, a plot to assassinate Mazarin was uncovered. A number of the most prominent nobles in the kingdom had declared that they intended to undo the work of Richelieu, and restore the nobility to their former power. The plot was thwarted and the nobles who had participated in it were banished.

The reign of Louis XIII bequeathed great financial embarrassments to Mazarin, who increased them by his bad management. He needed money for his war with Spain and to bribe the nobles by pensioning them and also to satisfy his own avarice. The result was universal bankruptcy. The Wars of the Fronde evolved from this financial crisis and extreme distress.

The Wars of the Fronde began in 1649. The first war was due to an agreement between several nobles to raise an army, defeat the royalists, and seize the government. The prince of Condé remained with the government and within a year had quelled the rebellion. But Condé thought that he should now dictate the policy of the government since he had so well defended it. When he found that his advice carried little weight, he revolted and joined the Spaniards in their war against France. He remained with Spain until the end of the war with France. Condé was unable to cope with the great military tactician, Turenne, and in the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659, France retained three of Spain's provinces.

The Wars of the Fronde over, Louis XIV found himself absolute master of France. The memory of the rebellion contributed to develop in his mind the most absolute ideas in government. In 1652, he "very expressly forbade the members of Parlement thenceforth to take any part in the general affairs of the state and in the direction of finances." Two more very heavy blows were dealt against Parlement: (1) a statute providing that the decrees of the Council of State should be obligatory upon the "sovereign courts," and (2) the re-establishment of intendants (1655) in the provinces. And thus the revolution attempted by the parliamentary aristocracy miscarried.

The war between France and Spain ended in 1659 with the Treaty of the Pyrenees. France retained several of the provinces of Spain; the Prince of Condé was reinstated in his former position in France; and Maria Theresa, daughter of the Spanish king, was married to Louis XIV! Maria was to bring a dowry of three hundred thousand gold crowns, in consideration of which the princess renounced her claims to the Spanish crown. This was the work of the wily Mazarin, who knew that Spain could never pay the dowry, and that Maria could reassert her claim to the crown.

At Mazarin's death in 1661, the internal condition of France was deplorable, despite the fact that he had built up her power abroad. He had neglected commerce and agriculture; he had allowed the navy to

dwindle away, and managed the finances in such a way that, at his death, the public debt was 430,000,000 francs; Mazarin's private fortune amounted to 100,000,000 francs.

But Mazarin had steadily advanced Richelieu's policy of strengthening the power of the king; inferior to Richelieu in grandeur of character, in singleness of aim, in heroic power to struggle against opposition, he was far more successful in the results of his policy, reaping where Richelieu had sown.

Mazarin was pliant and patient; his motto was "Time and I." Where Richelieu crushed and destroyed the nobles, Mazarin made them his obsequious friends; for he held the purse-strings and the appointments to lucrative offices in his own hands: it is wonderful how docile they became.

Mazarin had, during the last years of his life, tutored the young king in the business of being king. He gave him sage lessons of conduct and government, all tending towards that autocratic system which Louis XIV afterwards so successfully carried out. He taught him that a first minister was bad, and he advised Louis to hold the reins of government himself, and to have nothing but heads of departments under him. He told him that treaties are made only to be evaded; he showed him the deplorable state of the finances, and the importance of that branch of government.

With the death of Mazarin, the age of great ministers is past; Louis XIV steps proudly on the scene. France rises under him to that height of dignity which has dazzled the eyes of the French nation from that time to this.

Louis XIV took control of the government in 1661, at the death of Mazarin. He refused to have a prime minister, preferring to perform that office himself. The young prince had already conceived the whole plan of his policy. Louis XIV was the first to establish in France the theory of absolute monarchy. He believed that sovereigns were the direct representatives of God on earth; Louis even believed that, in addition to being master of his subjects, he was the proprietor of their estates. But Louis did realize that he had certain duties to his subjects, and that a king should seek the welfare of his people.

One man who contributed greatly to the twenty-five years of splendor and wealth in Louis XIV's reign was Colbert, the minister of finance. Colbert went back to many of the methods of Sully. But he went farther than Sully had done; he did not sacrifice industry to agriculture, but fostered both. Under Colbert's careful management, the public debt was paid off, and money began to accumulate in the treasury.

In Louis' wars Condé and Turenne stand out as his greatest generals. Before 1685, Louis was successful in all of his foreign military undertakings, but after the death of these two great generals, France began to be less successful.

Some of Louis' ministers were great administrators, but no one of them was a great statesman. Colbert himself only endeavored to increase wealth, in order to give the king more power. All of them labored to develop that excessive centralization, which we find in France during the last forty years of the seventeenth century. The result was that France lived by the government; the nobility had been reduced to cringing courtiers, all eager to do the king some small service. When age and sickness should weaken the hand of this all-powerful government, the whole country would decline.

So the lack of great statesmen, coupled with Louis XIV's ambition for conquest and power, brought about after 1685 a gradual but steady decline; yet the work of Henry IV, Richelieu, and Mazarin had been done so well that the monarchy ran of itself for another hundred years, when, in 1789, the monarchy ceased to exist.

But from 1661 to 1685 the government under Louis XIV, which proclaimed itself the universal guardian, gave to the people security, glory, and prosperity, in return for the liberty of which it deprived them.

◆ ◆ ◆

After Death

By Ralph S. Bryant

The stars have come out, dear,
  The moon is now shining;
And you must sleep on, dear,
  In surcease from sorrow repining.

The whole afternoon, dear,
  Your tears have been flowing,
As the love in your heart, dear,
  To him has been hopelessly going.

The clouds they scud on, dear,
  The heav'ns are clear above;
And you mustn't cry, dear,
  For thus do the sorrows of love.

The stars are still out, dear,
  The moon is still shining;
So sleep sweetly on, dear,
  Forgetting all sorrow repining.

HOLLYWOOD

By W. L. Hardin

THE Pullman porter opened the vestibule door and passed through the car calling, "Hollywood! All off for Hollywood!"

Mary Davis excitedly gathered her things together, gave her nose a final powdering, adjusted her hat a dozen times, and in other ways gave evidence that she was going to descend at this station. For years she had planned and dreamed of going to Hollywood. But she had never dreamed that she should come in her present role. She had expected to arrive there with a movie contract. In preparation for a film career she had spent two years in dramatic school and three as a New York chorus girl. But for the last two years her jobs had been few and far between. Finally, she had become an agent for a corset company.

Luckily for her, a new film star was making a hit in New York, and Mary had sold twelve hundred and sixty-seven corsets to twelve hundred and sixty-seven females who wanted a figure like Mae West's. By selling these twelve hundred and sixty-seven straight-jackets, she had managed to keep herself alive; she had won first place in the selling contest sponsored by the corset manufacturer, said first place giving her a free trip to Hollywood; and she had brightened the prospects for a higher birth rate in the city.

Mary picked up her bag and started for the door as the train ground to a stop. As she descended the steps, she noticed a photographer, with his camera facing directly towards her, snap two pictures. Surely it was not she that the camera was focused on! Oh, of course it must be some celebrity getting off behind her. Filled with curiosity, she looked back over her shoulder, but saw only the train conductor. Surely there was some mistake. She started to walk away, but the photographer called, "Please, Miss Davis, face this way! Smile, please!"

She did, wondering all the time what it was all about. But before she could question the cameraman, a uniformed attendant ran up, took her bag, and said "Miss Davis? This way, please. Mr. Hasdid has sent his car to take you to your hotel. You are to report to his office at four this afternoon."

Dazedly, she allowed him to pilot her to a magnificent cream-colored limousine. A liveried chauffeur sat at the wheel. Her guide handed her into the car, and took his seat beside the chauffeur. Evidently he was the footman, although many a general would have envied him his magnificent uniform.

Mary leaned back against the luxurious upholstery and tried to think. Could this be she, little Mary Davis from Hoopsville, riding through Hollywood in such expensive equipage. And who was Mr. Hasdid, if not the biggest producer in Hollywood? And why in the world was she being met in any such manner? Surely Mr. Hasdid did not send his car to meet every sales contest winner that came to Hollywood, or ask them to come to his office. She finally decided that some kind of a joke was being played on her, but she certainly could not see the point.

They stopped in front of a building that to Mary looked more like a cathedral than a hotel. The hotel manager himself met her at the door and murmured something about "such an honor," and "the queen's suite."

She was ushered into the most dazzling apartment that she had ever seen. The manager was speaking again, something about a personal maid, and sending up the rest of her luggage when it arrived from the station.

An obeisant maid informed her that her "bawth was drawn" and helped her out of her travelling clothes. By this time Mary had given up trying to solve the riddle and had decided to let events take care of themselves.

She took her bath and changed into afternoon clothes. The manager phoned up that Mr. Hasdid's car was ready to take her to the studio. When she got into the car, an afternoon paper was there for her to read while riding out to the studio. Across the top of the front page were headlines: "English Star Arrives to Make American Pictures." And under these headlines was a picture of a young lady getting off of a train. Why, she looked like Mary; it was the picture that the man had taken at the station. Hastily Mary read the caption under the picture: "Darine Davis Arrives in Film Center."

Now Mary began to understand everything. Everyone had mistaken her for the English actress. There was no use in her going on to the studio. She picked up the speaking tube to tell the chauffeur to take her back to the hotel, but changed her mind and decided that she might as well go over and explain everything. She certainly did want to see the studios while she was there, and this was a fine chance to do so.

When they arrived at the "Mundane Films" lot, Mary was ushered past innumerable private secretaries into a large office with the door labelled "J. H. Hasdid, President."

Mary cut short Mr. Hasdid's effusive greeting and began to explain everything. There were pictures of Darine Davis on Mr. Hasdid's desk, and Mary was astonished at their likeness to herself.

Mary had expected to be thrown out of the studio on her head, but instead, she walked out twenty minutes later giving a good imitation of someone walking on air. There was a smile on her face, gladness in her heart, and a movie contract in her pocketbook. She was to act as "stand-in" and "double" for Darine Davis.

◆ ◆ ◆

College Life a la 1935

By Chas. West, Jr.

I cut three classes yesterday
Because I was too late,
Then went to hear what Dean would say
Concerning my ill-fate.

"Oh, that's all right, my little man,"
Replied the Dean with "Tish,
Hereafter, meet them if you can,
But not against your wish."

I busted on a re-exam
Because I didn't know
What maiden had a little lamb,
Or who loved Romeo.

I asked the 'fessor what I made,
And to me he did say:
"From out the class, the highest grade
Was made by you—an "A"!

I went to pay J. K. the fee
For schooling and for rent;
But "cheerfully" he said to me:
"You don't owe us a cent!"

I went to Carlisle for to eat
And found to my surprise
Fried ham and eggs, and turkey meat,
And ice cream, cakes, and pies!

Then on the campus, homeward bound,
Two "freshman-looking-clucks"
Said, "Here, you dropped this on the ground,"
And handed me ten bucks!

One Sunday night, I went to school
And for my pals did search,
But found (contrary to their rule)
They all had gone to church!

At home, I found a telegram
From one I tried to woo.
The message said, "Sweetheart, I am
All yours, 'Cause I love you!"

At that moment Dad tapped my head
And said, "Get up, you fool—
It's time that you were out of bed,
'Cause you'll be late for school."

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FROM OUT OF THE FIRE

By Harold K. Ward

JACOB WIGGS, with his plough, rake and hoe, made life that thrived and flourished. It meant sweat and work every day—and Jacob had soured more each year of the thirty he had worked his farm. At first—when he received a small tract of land from his old father—there had been nothing but brambles and undergrowth, and from this Jacob had made his farm. It had been a heart-breaking struggle — but not for Jacob. He had become hard and bitter under the strain, and now, after nursing his child from the cradle to wonderful maturity, he hated every separate grain of rich, black loam that made it. Jacob had not lived as other men had lived, but merely spent each day in the field with his mule and plough.

At twilight, when he had eaten a supper prepared by himself, he would sit on the porch and look into the marsh. There had been a red and purple sky which had faded to pink, but now changed to the deep blue of night. The smoky gray-blue haze was just descending on the water — and it was beautiful. But Jacob had seen a hundred scenes like this — it was not remarkable to him, not because of the constancy, but that to him it only represented the inevitable end of a day.

Then one day Mr. Revere came and brought one of his friends. Mr. Revere bought pine from Jacob when he needed it. Jacob always sold because it was money in his pockets — easy money that paid for fertilizer, overhead, and something besides — and the pine was there — good for nothing else.

Mr. Revere wanted Jacob to take care of Mr. Colby, his companion, for a week or so.

"Wiggs," Revere told him, "Tom, here, would just like to look around for a few days. He won't be in your way, I am sure, and he will enjoy it. Tom likes the out-doors, and he has everything he could ask on your farm." Revere was patronizing.

Jacob nodded to Colby, but expressed no particular interest in him.

"Yes, hit twill be easy to have you, I reckon. Give me th' bag thar, an' I'll put hit in yer room. Make yerself to home."

When Jacob had gone into the house, Colby had an opportunity to look across the marsh, to see the gray moss clinging to the gnarled old trees, saw the gray shadows on the black fields. He laughed as a man does when he enjoys laughing.

"But this is beautiful, Frank. I've never seen a place so natural in its grandeur. Wiggs wouldn't part with it for a fortune, would he? Indeed he has more than most men's fortunes could buy right here with him."

Revere shrugged.

"Wiggs would sell cheap. He doesn't appreciate beauty. You do. He works for a living — and has never lived."

Jacob came out on the porch, and Revere left soon afterwards.

Colby was cheerful—a delightful man in his own circle, but only talkative in Jacob's. Colby wanted to know if the fish were biting, he wanted to help with the supper, and Jacob yielded to his wishes, muttering under his breath: "What the hell — does he think he lives here?"

After supper, they sat out on the porch. Colby was as silent as his companion, while he listened entranced to the music of the crickets, to the call of the whippoorwill, and a mocking bird's incomparable song.

"Ah, Wiggs, you are a fortunate man. I had to come from New York to hear this, and it is yours for life — right from your box seat on the porch."

"What be you talkin' 'bout, Mistah Colby?"

"Why, all the beauty in the world—the things that make a life worth the living. Birds, trees, the field you work every day—." Wiggs interrupted with a harsh, bitter laugh. No mirth to it—in fact lacking any describable form.

"Oh that — Mistah Colby, you say a field is beautiful? Hit jus' makes me bend my back to breakin', hit makes me a slave with nothin' to gain — and you say hit's beautiful." Abruptly he aroused himself, shuffled across the porch and into the house. Colby did not see him again until he went to bed.

Early the next morning—Wiggs was up, and Colby joined him in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mr. Wiggs."

"Morning, Mistah Colby."

"May I go down to the fields with you this morning. Really think I'd enjoy getting out a little. There

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should be a few trout jumping this time of the year, don't you think? I'll take my rod and reel."

Wiggs didn't answer intelligibly. There was no time to talk now. He had to get to the west field with his plough before the sun was well up. So Wiggs was accompanied by Colby when he left. Wiggs held the reins loosely in his hand, the plough sliding on the side of its blade. The old mule would hesitate at each choice bit of foliage he passed until Jacob pulled sharply on the bit. And Tom Colby's eyes widened as he breathed in the air fresh from the marshes, saw the sun turn the broom straw to orange. He spoke about all of this to Wiggs, who only grunted and thought that it would be quite as "beautiful" unspoken of.

Wiggs looked back—stopped until he knew what he saw was a certainty. He dropped the reins on the ground, started to walk back, then broke into a run. Colby was behind him.

"What's the matter, Wiggs? What's the hurry? Hey! Wait on me."

But Wiggs didn't wait — he didn't even answer. What difference did it make to Tom Colby, of New York, that the grove of pines bordering the pasture had somehow caught fire? He ran faster — began to sob for breath. Passing the shed, he picked up an axe — started off again. He was nearly exhausted when he went into the woods, but he soon saw the flames eating their way towards the creek.

Wiggs looked around for Colby, but he wasn't there. Perhaps he stopped on the outside to look for a moment on the extra-ordinary beauty of a $300 pine fire. Wiggs didn't wince when he thought of the possibility of losing so much. He did smile mirthlessly at Colby, that traitor who was deserting his goddess, beauty, when it most needed him, while he, Jacob Wiggs, who didn't love beauty, was yet willing to fight to the last ditch for the pine — but not for beauty's sake.

He waded through a small slough and through thick brambles until he came to the wedge. There were two medium trees in the wedge — then a bare space. If Wiggs could cut these and clear them away before the fire came, some of the trees might be saved. And he cut — his breath came in whistling sobs each time he raised his axe and buried it again in the tough, green wood. He could hear the crackle of the blaze, even as the first tree crackled in falling to the ground. He worked to move the tree — tore his hands and the skin on his chest in the effort to throw the tree over into the creek. Now the smoke was pervading his nostrils — he could feel the scorching blaze beat against his face as he began on the second tree — and saw he couldn't win. He waded through the slough again and finally back to the pasture. He expected to find Colby, but he didn't. Jacob threw the axe in the shed as he passed, and plodded, kicking up the dust as he walked.

Reaching the porch, he sat down wearily, his head in his hands. He didn't tremble with the tears, yet wanted to cry. Colby found him there — came over to him, placing a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

"You have been extremely unfortunate, Wiggs. The pine is all lost, isn't it?"

Wiggs looked into Colby's eyes and smiled — really smiled.

"Yes, Mistah Colby, the pines are gone. Guess I ain't so sorry though. I kin enjoy the other things now,—like them birds an' the flowers. They be right pretty this time of the year. Never noticed 'em much afore this. An' I didn't know the pines were of some good besides the money they brung in. At least they was mine — an' I made the cotton, too. Hit's my farm — an' every thing's here."

Colby left the next week. He spoke of Jacob to Revere as "an extremely peculiar fellow who didn't have any imagination." Colby, who thought he knew beauty, and yet was incapable of appreciating the rarest and finest in loveliness — the changes that confront men to make them better and happier.

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Going Ahead

By Karl Slocum

At times the way seems dark and rough;
We know not where to turn—
On all sides rocks and snags and dust
And blinding heat's fierce burn.

Before us only peak and crag,
Behind us no escape;
We stand with bleeding feet to drag,
And ask, "Which way to take?"

"Almighty God who rules on high—"
We cry in deep despair,
"Why put'st Thou me here so to die?"
And wring our hands, and tear our hair.

Could we but hear the call that comes,
Though faint in death's dire grasp;
Within us cries: "Go on! My Son,
"I'll help thee to the last!"

Pause not, but with unfalt'ring foot
Step boldly, ever on!
'Till in God's Holy Face we look,
And gain the victor's song!

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WOFFORD'S ORGANIZATIONS

By John Hughston, Jr.

HOW many organizations are there on the Wofford campus? The writer approached a Freshman with that question, and he replied characteristically, "Don't know."

"I don't expect you to know, but about how many do you think we have?"

"Oh, somewhere around twenty to twenty-five."

Then a Sophomore was asked. "I'd say we have about thirty," he replied.

A Junior said that he imagined that there were about thirty on the campus, and one of our dignified Seniors guessed thirty-five. What would you have guessed?

There are more than sixty-one student organizations on the campus of Wofford College. I sat down and listed that many, and I am sure that there are some that did not come to my mind. Just think of it—a college with a student body of little more than four hundred having over sixty-one organizations! Approximately one for every seven students! I am not attempting to tell you how many such organization we should have; I do not say that we have either too many or too few. What I am trying to do is this: give you some statistics concerning the organized campus of this institution.

Last year one Senior was actively connected with twenty-three different organizations, and was an officer in *twelve* of them. Suppose that each of these met on an average of twice each month. That means that he should attend forty-six meetings every month. There are twenty-six week nights in a month. In other words, every night except six that student has two places where he should be. How much time does that leave him for his scholastic and social duties, and for ade-

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quately preparing himself for these meetings? Was that student playing fair with the people who sent him here, with himself, or with the twenty-three organizations to which he was supposed to devote his time.

Looking on down the list, I found several students who were members of twelve organizations, meaning that twenty-four out of their twenty-six nights were taken. Were they getting the best from any of these clubs, or were any of them getting the best from the students? Is it better for the student to devote much time to two or three—or little time to twelve or fifteen?

We have numerous cases where one man holds a major office in five or six organizations. Maybe he is the most capable person. Maybe his personality is keeping someone more capable in the background. Maybe he has enough time to give to each of his duties and still live a healthful, well-rounded life.

Some of our sixty-one activities do not function properly. Is it because they do not answer a student need, or because their officers do not have the time to give to them?

Are sixty-one organizations too many for a campus this size? Can they each accomplish their purpose? Should there be a student rule limiting the number that a student may join? Should the student be required to maintain a certain average in scholarship to remain a member of a club? Should there be a rule limiting the number of offices a single student may hold? Would this help our campus? Would this help to build up our morale and ambition?

You say, what kind of a rule? Our offices could be classified in two groups—major offices and minor offices. The president of the Honor System, president of the Student Body, and editors-in-chief of *The Bohemian, The Journal,* and *The Old Gold and Black* could be the major offices. All the others would be called minor offices, such as fraternity presidents, etc. The students could adopt a rule which would allow no student to hold more than one major office and two minor offices at the same time.

This is one suggestion; there may be several others. Everyone may be satisfied with matters as they are. Some may see that many of our sixty-one organizations are not accomplishing their purpose, and would like to either improve or abolish them.

What is your opinion?

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HOME-COMING

By John W. Splawn

WITH a slight droop and downcast eyes which peered out from two blue-ringed sockets, he slowly made his way up to the ticket office. He was very careful to buy a ticket for the Harvard side. The vast assemblage that had trekked back to New Haven for the big Yale home-coming game with Harvard seemed to brush him aside as they scurried past into the mammoth concrete bowl. This was different to any home-coming that he had ever experienced. A feeling of loneliness and dejection crept through his massive frame as he climbed up to his seat on the thirty-yard line, near a chattering group of Harvard men and their ladies, who were playing havoc with a flagon of spirits. He shot the group a quick glance, lighted a cigarette, and settled down to watching his Yale team warm up, praying that no one would recognize him.

As John Brooke sat there watching the rival teams limber up, memories of other years came drifting back to his broken mind—when he had captained the big Yale Blue to an eastern championship. The echoes of those cheers—Brooke—Brooke—Brooke—seemed still to ring in his ears. That was back in '21—he was the pride of Yale men. A mist formed over his gray eyes,

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but the referee's shrill whistle quickly jerked him back to the present.

Harvard won the toss and elected to receive. The ball sailed far down the soft, green turf into the waiting arms of a Harvard back; he was mowed down on his 12-yard line. Failing to make a first down in three attempts, Harvard kicked, and Yale took command on the Harvard 28-yard line. Two short passes and an end run netted a touchdown, and the Yale supporters rose in a wildly cheering mass, tossing hats and programs into the air. A pass netted Yale the extra point. Through all this Brooke held tight to his near bursting emotions lest someone recognize him. Before the end of the half, Yale had scored again, and her supporters were having one merry time. The second half proved as successful as the first for the sons of Eli, and they marched off the field with a 28-0 victory. New Haven took on a carnival atmosphere.

Just as soon as he could wend his way through the crowd to the station, John Brooke purchased a ticket for Ossining. As he waited for the train, a slow drizzle of rain peppered his face; the sky was growing dim, the air chilly. He was only half conscious of the crowd that was having such an hilarious victory celebration. His mind wandered back to his graduation day, then to the day he began work as cashier for the Chase National, and to the day he was convicted for misappropriating funds. He was thankful that the warden had granted him permission to go to New Haven alone. He fought back a lump from his throat, and with a shrug convict number 3214 boarded the train for Sing Sing, where the black iron gates would clang to on him for another five years.

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NATIONAL DEFENSE - - AN INSURANCE FOR PEACE

By M. B. Donald

OUR nation needs a program of national defense second to none. A great many people may say that this would be dangerous to world peace. This is not so. Never in the history of our country or any other country has un-preparedness ever averted a war. On the contrary, a nation that is not prepared for immediate self-defense is in constant danger of attack by the first country that is smart and unprincipled enough to realize its helplessness.

The nations of the world are selfish and unprincipled. Crimes that people would never dream of committing individually are done daily by a group of them acting as a nation. It is a sad but only too true fact that nations have no sense of right and wrong. Let us hope that the time will soon come when all of this will be changed. In the meantime, however, let us be prepared to defend our lives and property to the best advantage that our great wealth can provide for us.

In this time of temporary depression, our government should be most economical. It may seem extravagant for Congress to appropriate large sums for an army and navy, but it is not. The amount of money spent for our national defense is only about fourteen per cent. of our federal budget. The amount that we have to spend to help pay for past wars is an enormous sum. All of these wars could have been shortened by being prepared. What a saving this would have been in money,—and, above all, in men.

We spend less for national defense in proportion to our wealth than any other country. The United States has one soldier for each two million five hundred thousand dollars of national wealth; Great Britain, one for each two hundred fifty thousand dollars; France, one for each one hundred thirty-three thousand, and so on with the other nations.

We have a greater need for an adequate defense than any other nation because our coast line is longer. In former times, we could say that our isolation and

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the great expanse of water on each side of us would be protection enough, but the great progress made in transportation by land, water, and air has changed all of this. We are indeed vulnerable. Our coast defense is not adequate, neither is our army or air force enough for our needs. Our navy is divided, part on the Atlantic and part on the Pacific coast, with the Panama Canal as the only connection. This is not fortified and could easily be taken by an enemy. Our country has never developed its air force strong enough to protect even a small part of the country.

There have been many so-called disarmament conferences, but no nation has effectively reduced its armaments. Other nations realize the necessity of protection, as they have had experience with the hatreds and jealousies of European nations. They know the danger of unpreparedness, a lesson which we seem never to have learned. All through our history we have suffered from unpreparedness and the inefficiency of our military forces. In 1812 we rushed headlong into a war for which we were not prepared. The army, our greatest hope, was a failure. If it had not been for the armed privateers that formed our navy, we would have been lost.

In the war with Spain, the same situation prevailed; only the weakness of Spain gave us the victory, not our own strength.

Our country has never had an adequate system of national defense. We are taking part in discussing the reduction of armaments when we have far less armaments to reduce than any other nation. Our country has money enough to have an ample system of defense, and they should have it. War cannot be prevented by a nation remaining weak and helpless. The large countries are constantly needing new land for expansion. The only way to get it is to take it from some country which they think is unable to protect itself.

Fear of wrong doing never keeps a country from attacking another, but fear of a defeat may do so. It is sad that I must paint such a picture of the dishonest acts of nations, but it is nevertheless a true picture. We should recognize the situation and accept the responsibility thrust upon us—that of protecting our nation.

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What a College Education Should Give

By C. P. Vincent

WHAT will a college education do for me? This is a question universally asked,—and answered in a thousand and one different ways. What a college education will do for one depends on the kind of person he or she is. You cannot expect even a high-priced education to make a gentleman and scholar out of a "low-priced" boy. The boy who thinks of nothing but sex, drinking, and gambling, will come out of college pretty much the same as he went in. Little does he realize that in future years those hours spent in foolish indulgences will cause him many times that number of hours of painful regrets.

The college will not do everything for you; it is only a short-cut to a nobler and fuller life,—an opportunity by which one may prepare himself for the future. Whatever you are, you must make of yourself; and the college is a great help in making one that which he should be.

The college turns out three types of graduates: (1) The type who, on entering school, have a very bright future, but who, due to unwise associations, leave it with a much degraded character; (2) the type who enter the school worthless, and who leave it without a change in their character; (3) the ambitious student who adapts himself to his new surroundings, makes the most of his opportunities, and emerges a *man*—spiritually, physically, and morally.

A student, before entering college, should have selected a profession which he wishes to follow, and should get fixed in his mind a detailed picture of how

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he hopes to be situated when he is ready to begin that profession. He should say to himself, "I am going to hope high—to hitch my wagon to a star. I am going to be, not a mediocre ——, or a successful ——, or even a good ——, I am going to be the very best ——." This should be the student's goal, and nothing less than that will satisfy him, if he is a student "worth his salt." As Browning has said: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Strive to reach past the extent of your grasp. Hitch your wagon to a star!

The student should realize that "I must live with the man I make of myself; and the better job I make of improving my mind, building my character, shaping my ambitions, molding my career, and playing my game, the better company I'll have." This thought alone should be inspiration enough for a better life!

The student, if he learns to use it rightly, may get this out of college. An association with the great minds of the past, the vast number of those who, down through the ages, have borne to us the trials and tribulations, the happiness and heart-aches, the loves and hates, the successes and failures of by-gone days. From these we can obtain many helpful and useful hints that will help us along the way to a successful life. They will help us to shape our lives, so that people, when our short hour of life has flown, will say, as we have said about those whom we have honored for many decades, "He was a *man*—a man who has kept the honor, the respect, and the love of countless millions. He left the world a better place than he found it." It is indeed an ambition to strive for. . . . Hitch your wagon to a star!

If you have once learned to unlock the doors of learning, then no power on earth can take the keys from you. You will have a possession that will be the envy of the vast number of those who have had their chance, but who have failed. The educated man looks on the world through rose-colored glasses, while the uneducated man obtains his views through narrow windows.

The college will bring you face to face with the great problems of nature. You will learn more about the grandeur, the power, the omnipotence of God. You will marvel at the great number of miracles that are happening around us every day, and which you have formerly interpreted as only natural functions of nature. With this realization of the supreme power of God, you will be able to face great problems seriously, and to work patiently at their solutions.

The college life will bring one into intimate association with fellow students, who, if the right sort, will play a great part in making each other the right type of men, and the remembrance of whom will be a lifelong source of happiness. Choose your friends with the utmost care; do as Shakespeare made Polonius request of his son, Laertes: "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; but do not dull thy palm with the entertainment of each new-found, unfledged comrade." The associations that one makes in college are one of the most important factors of the education; one learns human nature, and, also, how to treat human nature.

The college magnifies the individuality of the student,—it makes him a man in his own right. He learns to use his best abilities, and to depend on his own self to solve his own life problems. "A man's a man for a' that," and man is much more than nature meant him to be,—because his mind is trained.

The educated man has the courage of his convictions. He fears no contradictions, because his convictions are founded on a careful study of the matter in hand. He sees things as they are, and not as they seem. The uneducated man assumes; the educated man knows. The uneducated offers theories; the educated —laws.

The crowning privilege of the educated man is the confidence he possesses in himself—the confidence that he is able to cope with any obstacle that may present itself.

In conclusion, let me reiterate that one derives from college only that which he puts into it. One cannot become educated overnight;—it is a hard but pleasant four years. If the time is well spent, you will have something that will afford you hours of happy reminiscing about the man you have made of yourself. So "Let us then be up and doing. . . ." — Hitch your wagon to a star!

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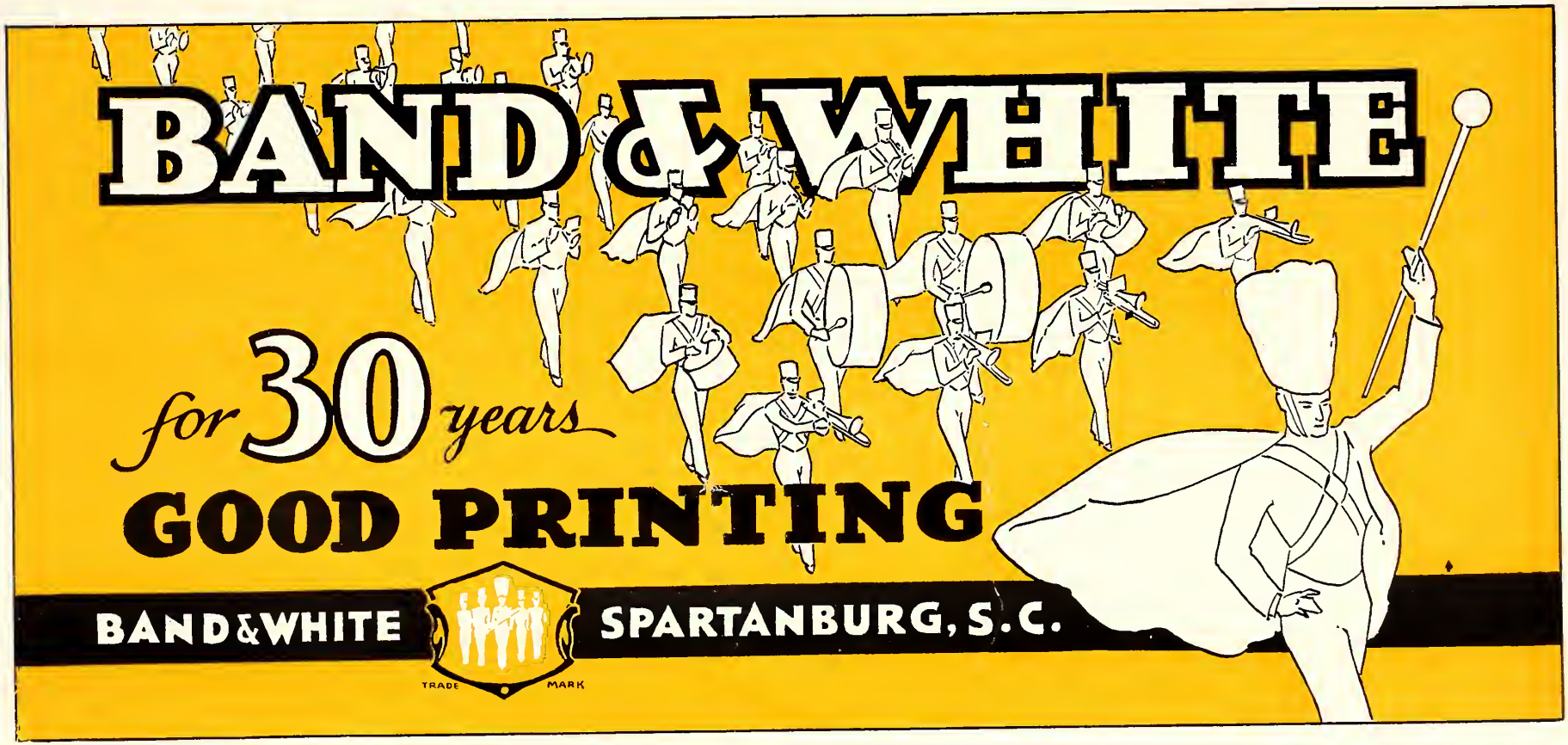
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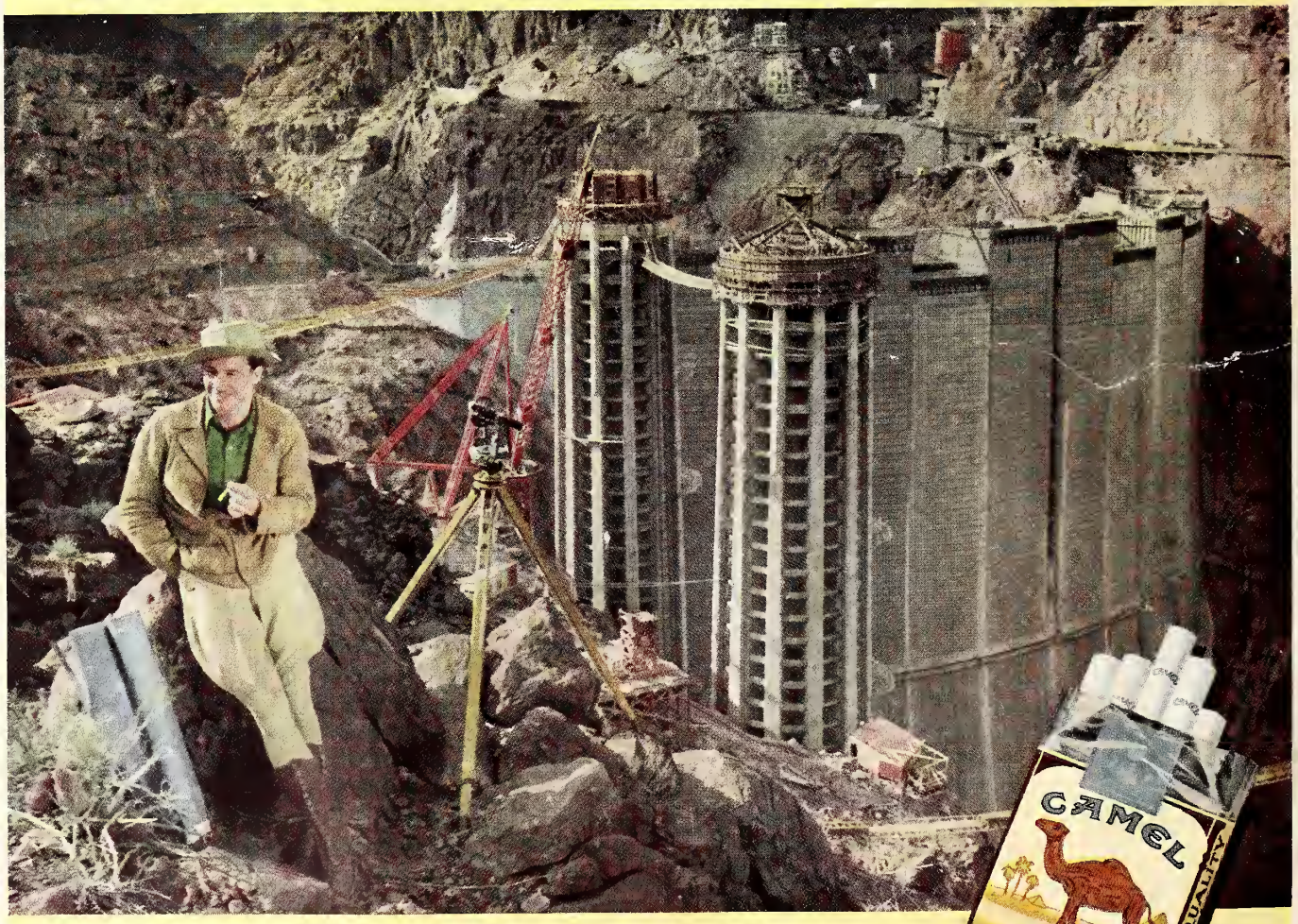

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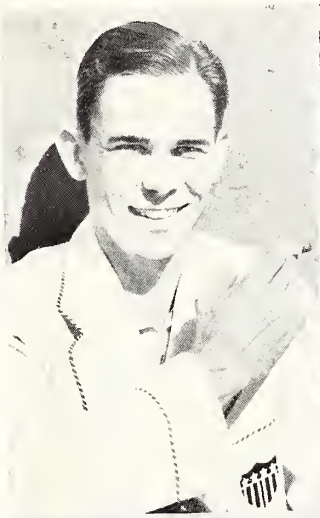

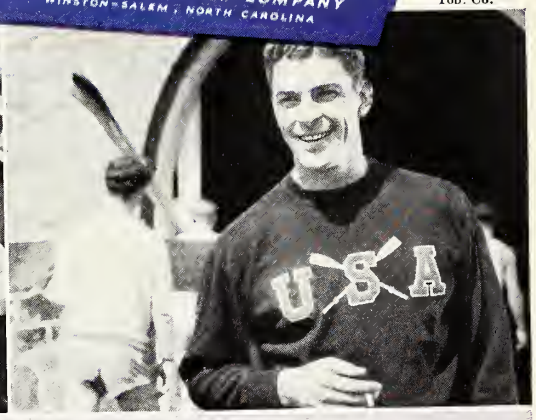

ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"

FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.

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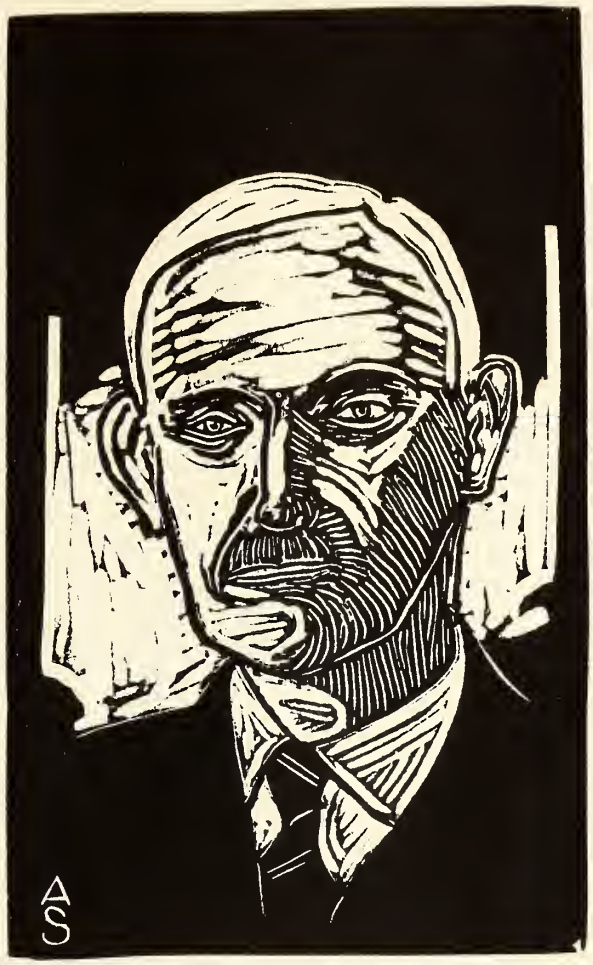
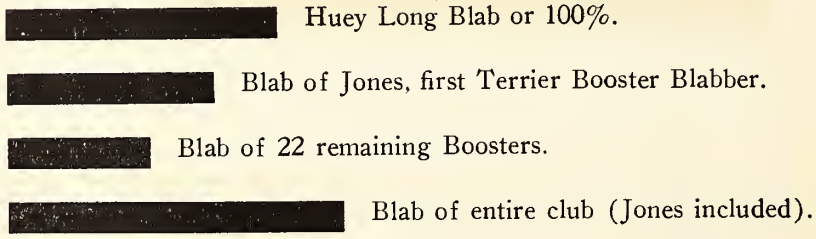


" . . . Young gentlemen, I've just returned from a trip through the lower part of the State. For this reason, I shall take the opportunity to utter a few syllables in behalf of our honorary organizations. There's something of real importance there, young gentlemen. I've seen a few things in my day, and I am fully persuaded that nothing can take the place of our extra-class activities. . . ."

The above is an excerpt from a speech delivered by our honored president at chapel. The speech was received by the student body with the greatest enthusiasm on this account. We feel justified in dedicating this, our last issue of THE JOURNAL of '35, to our various and sundry Honor Fraternities.

Petty Politicians alias Blue Key

THE purpose of this society is to draw together on the campus all those youths who intend to devote their time and talents in later life to politics. Should all personages of such inclination convene and pool their brains, it is believed there would result enough intelligence to produce one statesman — of course provided enough campus-partisans participated. This year has been the most successful one in all the annals of the club. The objective for the year was to out blab Huey Long. Below is a graph depicting the result of a year of unceasing and inspired effort.



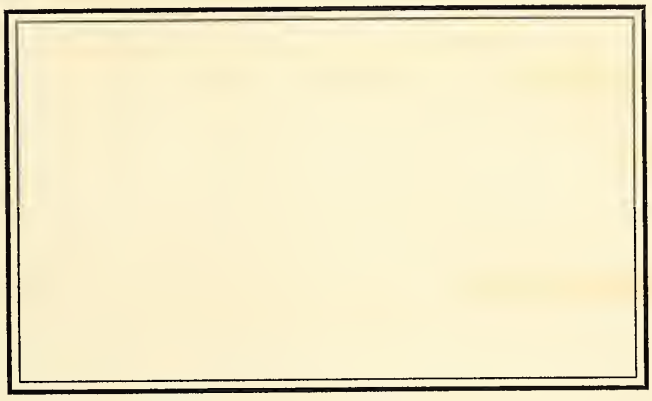
Sheath and Knife Martial Morons

AMONG our campus organizations we are exceedingly proud to be able to mention that society which is accessible only to military morons. The requirements are most exacting — can you wiggle your ears?

The purpose of the club is to band together the stoutest hearted and most daring blades of the Rot C in order (1) to protect the Wofford College property in general, and (2) the big cannon in particular. Pledge Bomar did a wonderful piece of work in preventing the escape of the Science Building last Saturday. Recruits are also taught how to play the "Army Game."

Yesterday Colonel McGravy addressed the club: "My frands, conditions in the world today completely convince me that war is inevitable. Heil, Hitler! Rah! Rah!" The importance of this group is realized by an article in the campus newspaper for this week (ha! ha!) which states that the Fuherer himself is on his way over to consult Colonels Jones and McGravy on how to run a dictatorship.

It is a known fact that next year's members are quite nice boys, for they all walked home one night last week!



Picture of Hitler shaking hands with the club. Col. McGravy turned his head at the inopportune moment and his nose obscured the camera. Some luck!

CHATTERBURY CLUB

THIS organization functions (?) for the specific purpose of recognizing the intellectual and creative genius of the Wofford intelligentia in the field of literary endeavor. The unceasing efforts of the members of this noteworthy (notorious) group never fail to keep the college publication up to the minute with a superfluity of material, both good and bad. Two of the outstanding genii of this club, namely, Mr. Cecil and Mr. Hunter, are notable for their masterpieces, which we are not allowed to read. For some reason these literary gems do not pass the censorship of our supposedly free presses. Below is reproduced the illustration of the story which was censored in the last JOURNAL issue.

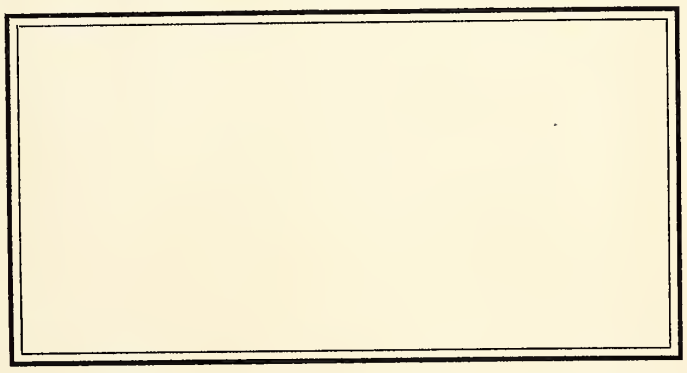
Have you heard that one about———?

PIE KAPPER DELTER

THIS agonization is an integral part of the Wofford Bull-Artists' Bureau, and its work is very popular (?) on the campus. Why, almost any afternoon you can see the Carlisle Hall inmates turn pale, gulp, and leave the dining room at the mention of an ensuing debate. Membership in the order is highly elective, and is deferred on those who have invectively represented (?) the college in intercollegiate oratory or debate. Why it's nothing to see its Bell loudly ringing out in a "fit" of passion, expanding his cause (bull) for the glory (grief) of dear ole Wofford.

Another member is very Moody at times, and you may expect anything (usually the worst) from him. This group is usually full of the "spirits" of their cause, and their oratorical displays come quite naturally. It is, on the whole, possible to get along with the members (much easier to get along without them). But they are continually harrassing students with, "Lend me your ears." Don't let them have yours; they've never returned anything. Also there is one student among them (I won't call names) who is a Paine all over the campus.

In closing, I wish to say that if you have such a surplus of "bull" that you can't get rid of it in the dormitory "bull" sessions, you should stand an excellent chance of becoming a member of this honorable organization.



The above photograph represents one of the members in a characteristic action picture during a debate in which they triumphed over Winthrop pulchritude. The Winthrop team didn't arrive 'til it was over.

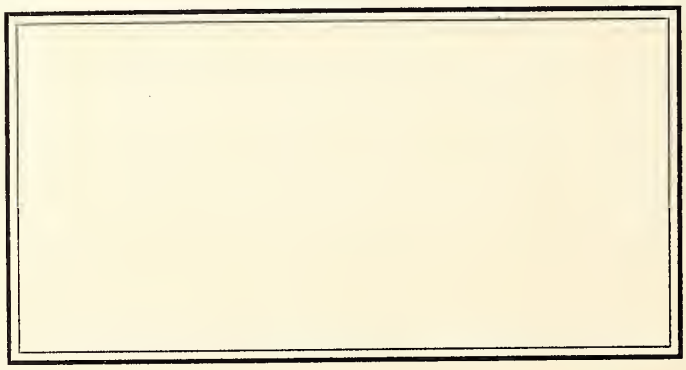
INTERFRATERNAL RELATIONS CLUB

THE Interfraternal Relations Club, the only society at Wofford to promote harmonious relations between the fraternities, so fully succeeded in its mission last term as to agree, after untiring effort on the part of its members, upon the acceptance of a candidate for membership into this select club. Such perfect agreement among the members was unprecedented, and in celebration of this advance in fraternity, the club thought itself justified in tossing a banquet at the Big Hotel. At the suggestion of the treasurer, each member and invited guest kept his or her hat or wrap close by during the evening.

Acceptance into the Interfraternal Relations Club depends upon one's naive ability to be not too-well-known and not entirely obscure.

Oh, yes, it is generally understood that an average of above 90 must be maintained, but we aren't sure of this requirement. It must be true, though, for most of the members are "sissies." Next year the name is going to be changed to the "I. R. C-rority."

Motto: All of what is best,—that's us.



Group picture of newly elected members to I. R. C., less one.

Beta Pi Theta Frogeaters Club

AT the head of this organization of incalculable value to the campus is our dear and disrespected edditer, Mishter Sheesil. Collaborating in continual conference with Mishter Sheesil is Profeshor Shalmon. Under this inspired and inspirational leadership, we find a motley crew of lackadaisical linguists. At the intermittent meetings, a lot of furious filibustering allows the dimwits to function on their feet. The history of this organization has been long and honorable. (Well, maybe not so long — maybe not so honorable, either.) But at any rate there have been estimable freaks who are numbered among past and present members of this splendid body. The memory will endure of the bespectacled poet (??) who imitated Poe in French, and of Albert Vermont who read more of this "fereign" tongue than of English.

Boo Boo Boo

Boo Boo BOO

Sound recording of applause for quartet at Christmas play.

Steinmugs -- Chi Beta Phi

KNOWEST thou Einstein the master mind? Thinkest thou not that it is fitting that Wofford harbor on campus a nest of Einsteins joined in the holy bond of a scientific fraternity? We deem it so. Invention is the order of the day, and what could be more desirable than a flock of budding inventors? More power to you, novices!

And listen! Our Wofford Einsteiners have achieved fame already. They have propounded a theory that outshines Einstein's: They hold regular bi-weekly meetings, and yet meet only thrice a year. Tell me no!

The president (and member) of next year has extensive plans under way for the entertainment of incoming members. Oysters and eggs specially prepared by club recipe are to be expected on the banquet menu. Below, note Brown's (present president) explanation of the planetesimal theory:

" . . .ETAETAOIN xzfiflffffi vbgkqj cmfwyp ? (|'! 12345 7890$ AOI I etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp vbgkqj ETAO xzbg SHR shrf VCMR eshmfr VCMO bg xzfiflffffixzfiflff7EST SHR M MrMdFuMM M M MFW vbg xzfiflffffi cmfwyppp ETAOIN xzfiflffffi SHRDLU XZœæ& cmfwyp vbgkqj xzfiflffffi ET 7890 ethrwk SHRDLU CMFWYP VBG xzfifl kqjj shrdlu cmfwyp SHR vbgkqj. . . ."

Meundgott - - Delta Phi Alpha

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTCH? Nein? Have you any desire to twist your vocal cords into a pretzel so as to be able to utter gutteral guzzle? Ja? Then, brother, you should make application to that renowned society known as Meundgott. At their last meeting (or was it their first), such queer grunts dispelled the traditional silence of campus atmosphere that our bumpkin freshies were reminded of pig stys, and wept from sheer nostalgia. And, by the way, the founder of this nation-wide society dwells among us. We've often wondered about the lucre in this racket.

"Ha, ha, Mr. Editor, you don't know nothing."
"Ha, ha, Dr. Chiles ———"

THE ROISTERING ROUES

COMPOSED OF

The Song Birds of the South (Carolina) and The Terrier Asses

THE '35 record of the Woffort Glee Club is marred by many regrettable people and things. First is the late lamented Redovitchski, who died of worry and overwork. Then there are the members of the club who were laid in the scuppers after a losing fight with the demon, ———. And poor Lonnie was forced to take a fortnight rest from his strenuous class duties — sort of a vacation without pay.

This is a self-supporting organization, undermined at all points of strength by the hellions from the treasurer's office. The supreme consolation of this year was the tantrum that J. K. had when his (?) bus was a day late returning from the tour.

". . . and a good time was had by all."

These are the open arms that welcomed the boys to town.

This is the lethal weapon that speeded their rapid departure.

EAT FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

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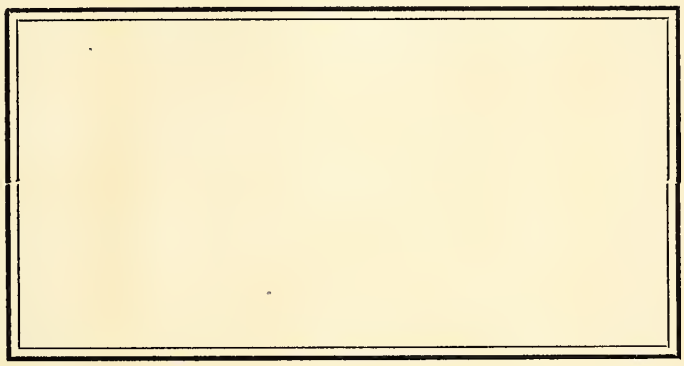
The Theta Kappa Nu Dramatic Club

THE Pie cast of Alfalfa (from the country — get it?) Sigh Omega broke all records this year and actually presented a play — "Aunts of Andrew," or something like that. The boys all showed themselves experienced actors. Well, they showed themselves, anyway.

Next season the players are planning to tour the State with several Shakesperean tragedies. Frank Lineberger will play Romeo, and Bob Phillips will play Juliet. Gerard Davidson and George King will play paper dolls, and John Walter Phillip Graham, the saxophone.

The cast is weary after such a busy season, but will be back next year eager to enact numerous plays behind the curtain — if they are not more fortunate in getting it to rise than at the high school.

Allan Broome, "Moot" Derrick, "Shorty" West, and Russell Cross will be "soarly" missed; i. e., the club is expected to soar without them.



Potrait of hen cackling in elated joy at rise in price of eggs — due to increased demand for throwing purposes.

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Proposed Plans of Snyder Literary Society for 1935-36

THE following is taken from a speech delivered by Dr. Snyder to the society bearing his name at the annual meeting of that society:

"Young gentlemen, I am highly gratified to see so many enthusiasts present tonight." (Be it known that each person had received a special, typewritten invitation.) "I have attended these annual meetings for several years, and I can truly say that this is the largest, best looking representation I have yet had the pleasure of addressing.

"Young gentlemen, it is customary, as you know, to make plans at this meeting for the succeeding year. I am highly pleased at the smoothness with which we have functioned this year. (Glancing at wrist watch.) We were all on time tonight. In fact, so successful has been our entire year's work tonight that I see no reason why we should not expand our program for next year. To be sure, it would be out of the question to have as many as two meetings in one year. (Club protests loudly.) Now, gentlemen, I know you are eager and impulsive, but it is humanly impossible. Just a moment, I have an idea — let's make our program a half-hour longer next year. (Club applauds wildly.) Fine — Fine — I thought you would approve. Our progress is astounding. . . ."

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JAMES I, CHARLES I, CHARLES II, JAMES II, MARY, OF WILLIAM AND MARY, AND ANNE.
CHAS. II
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GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.
LIZ. I
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P.A. IS MILD AND MELLOW — IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!
P.A.
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